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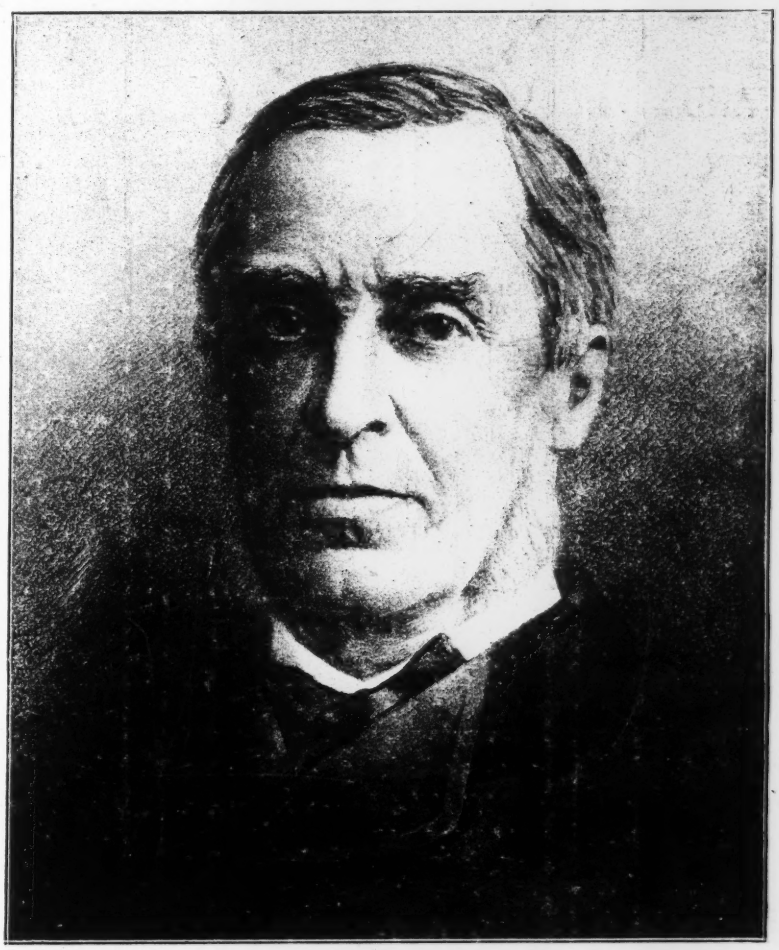

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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

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factory-girl, who figures in "The Foolishness of Lilian." While her book, therefore, is not life according to the stern realist, it is what she herself has seen and known. At present, Miss Champion's time is largely occupied with various forms of national work, but in intervals of leisure she is engaged on another book which, ration cards and political crises notwithstanding, is sure to contain more of sunshine than of gloom.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing a new novel, "The Women Who Wait," by Miss Mary Marlowe, the Australian writer, whose first book, "Kangaroos in King's Land," met with such a favourable reception last autumn.

Major George Haven Putnam, head of the distinguished American publishing house of Messrs. Putnam's Sons, has already done great work in support of the Allied cause by founding the American Rights League for Upholding the Duty of the Republic in International Relations. He is now arranging to come to England with a group of Americans who, like himself, have old-time relations with our people to report to us what his country is doing in the war and to make clear to our workers that they, like the American worker, have a direct interest in bringing the war to a conclusive end. He and those who will accompany him are in a position to speak from personal knowledge of America's vast preparations and of the increasing desire on the part of Americans for close co-operation with their English allies now and in dealing with the world-problems that will have to be faced when peace returns. No man on either side of the Atlantic has done more than Major Putnam to bring about a better understanding between England and the United States; his services in that direction in these last four years have been incalculable.

In "Eminent Victorians," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing, Mr. Lytton Strachey studies the lives and characters of Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold and General Gordon.

The Talbot Press, Dublin, is publishing under the title of "Songs from Dublin City," a collection of poems by Ivan Adair, who has been one of the most successful competitors in THE BOOKMAN Prize Lyric Competitions.

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, Canadian Field Artillery,

whose "Khaki Courage" (John Lane) has had a sale of 100,000 cop in America. Two new books by Mr. Dawson, "The Glory of the Trenches" and "Out to Win," are to be published by Mr. Lane this month.

The third volume of "Canada in Flanders" is written by Major Charles G. D. Roberts, the distinguished Canadian author, now serving in France with the Canadian forces, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, with a Preface by Lord Beaverbrook. In such little leisure as he can get from military duties Major Roberts is collecting and revising some poems written before the war, and hopes to make a book of these, with two or three war lyrics, for publication this summer.

A book which should appeal to all interested in contemporary art and letters is "New Paths," published by C. W. Beaumont, and edited by himself and T. H. Sadler. It is an attempt to provide a record of what is being done to-day in literature and art. The contributors belong to no clique or school, but are representative of many modern tendencies. The volume, which consists entirely of work hitherto unpublished, is divided into three sections, verse, prose and pictures, and among the contributors, who number nearly fifty, are, on the literary side, W. H. Davies, Walter de la Mare, Hugh de Selincourt, D. H. Lawrence, J. C. Squire, and Robert Nichols, and, on the pictorial, C. R. W. Nevinson, Augustus John, Mark Gertler, Walter Sickert, Jacob Epstein and Ivan Mestrovic. A notable feature of "New Paths" is the discriminating bibliographies of poetry and fiction.

Miss Helen Taylor, whose little book of charming songs, "Fancy Free," has just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in his Vigo cabinet series, comes of an East Anglian family, connected with that of Ann and Jane Taylor whose books for children enjoyed great popularity in the early half of last century. She was for some time a student at King's College, London, and took Final Honours at Oxford, her special subject being Elizabethan poetry. Miss Taylor began to write at a very early age; she has contributed largely to the magazines and several of her songs have been set to music and published by Messrs. Enoch. Her book is dedicated, by permission, to Sir J. M. Barrie.

Mr. Horace Bleackley, whose novel, "His Job" (John Lane), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN, wrote his three first novels in the midst of a strenuous business career, and considers that they were too hasty and immature to be counted. He dates the commencement of his literary career from the spring of 1901, when he collected some of his cricket stories from various magazines and Messrs. Ward, Lock published them under the title of "Tales of the Stumps." Next year he published, with the same firm, "More Tales of the Stumps"; and during the last fifteen years, whilst he was devoting himself to a study of the social and political history of the eighteenth century, he has published "Some Distinguished Victims of the Scaffold" (Kegan Paul, 1905); "The Story of a Beautiful Duchess: Being a Life of the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll" (Constable, 1907); "Ladies Fair and Frail," a history of famous eighteenth-century courtesans (John Lane, 1908); "A Gentleman of the Road," a highwayman romance of the same century (Lane, 1911); "A Hundred Years Ago," a novel of the Luddite Riots in Lancashire (Eveleigh Nash, 1917), and a Life of John Wilkes, finished in 1914 but postponed owing to the war and published by Mr. Lane last autumn. Mr. Bleackley's latest novel, "His Job," is a story of modern industrial life in Lancashire. He felt that the "Manchester School," though it included several writers of first-rate ability, had dealt too much with the sordid and unpleasant aspect of things in Lancashire, and set himself to show, in his book, that everything is not all drab and dour in the cotton county, and to give an intimate picture of mill life, which has changed

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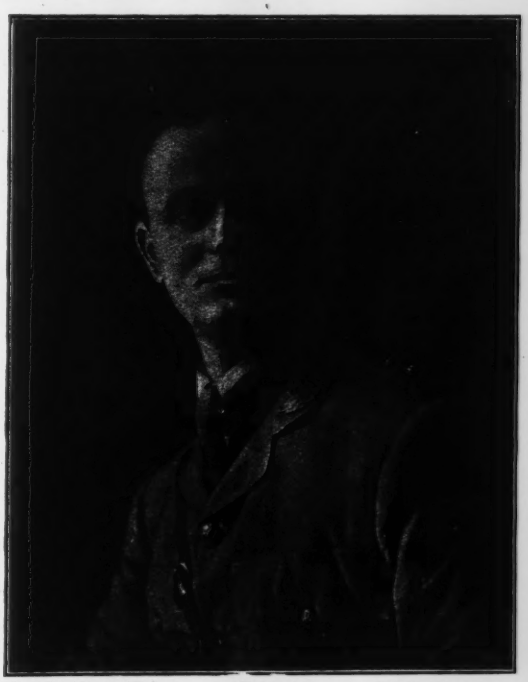


Photo by Denys, Chelsea. **Lieutenant Will Dyson,**
a collection of whose war drawings, "Australia at War," Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing.

Photo by Vandyk. **Mr. John Hastings Turner,**
whose amusing comedy of high and low life, "Simple Souls," was published last month by Messrs. Cassell.

Mrs. Fiske Warren,
whose volume of poems, "Trackless Regions," was recently published by Mr. B. H. Blackwell.

considerably since the days of "John Halifax" and "Mary Barton." In future, as the war has put an end to the demand for historical biographies, Mr. Bleackley intends to devote himself entirely to fiction.

WAR BOOKS.

Three notable books of war poems:

"The Red Flower." Poems written in War Time. By Henry Van Dyke. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Cause." Poems of the War. By Laurence Binyon. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

"The Judgment of Valhalla." By Gilbert Frankau. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

"The Fighting Men of Canada." By Douglas Leader Durkin. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

"The Rider in Khaki." By Nat Gould. 6s. net. (John Long.) This new novel of Nat Gould's differs from the long series of his phenomenally popular sporting tales in that it combines the war with horse racing and adds a rascally German spy to its other excitements. The tale takes the bit in its teeth and goes with a headlong gusto through a rapid succession of stirring incidents to two weddings and happiness. Those who love horses and go to a novel for nothing but a brisk yarn will find what they like in "The Rider in Khaki."

"The Story of the Anzacs." (Melbourne: Ingram & Son.) A well written and carefully authenticated historical account of the part played by Australia and New Zealand in the great war from its outbreak to the evacuation of Gallipoli in December, 1915. There is a striking chapter in which the author deals with the relation of Australia to England, and demonstrates that only through the fostering protection of the Mother Country has Australia been able to develop her resources and become a prosperous nation. But, as the writer demonstrates, neither a feeling of gratitude nor the certainty that the doom of Australia is sealed if Germany emerges from the war victorious, roused Australia to throw herself wholeheartedly into the Empire's quarrel, but a genuine and deep sense of the common blood and brotherhood of the British race. There is, too, an excellent chapter on the Australian Navy and its good work in the Southern Seas. There will have to be a later volume to tell the undying story of what the Anzacs have done, are doing, and will yet do in France and the East. Meanwhile, it gladdens an Englishman to read the just and generous things this Australian author has to say of the old country, and stirs him with pride that he can claim kinship with the gallant men who made the history that this book preserves. There are five useful maps, and a number of very interesting photographic illustrations.

"Valour." By Warwick Deeping. 6s. net. (Cassell.) The success of Mr. Warwick Deeping's "Valour" depends upon his presentment of the character of Pierce Hammersley; and he has presented it skilfully and convincingly. At the

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Mr. Horace Bleackley.**

outset, Pierce has a certain stubborn pride, an undisciplined restiveness under restraint that make it difficult to drive him. He gets a commission when the war comes, and throws himself enthusiastically into his military duties; but out in Gallipoli he chafes under the small tyrannies and the large injustices of a martinet Colonel and finally refuses to obey orders and is court martialled and dismissed from the army. When he reaches home he is still defiant and proud of having asserted himself. But by degrees he is brought to realise that his shame falls also on others—on his father, on the girl who loves him, until his self-esteem is broken down and in a humbler and finer mood he rejoins as a private, sinks his own pride in the pride and common brotherhood of the regiment and redeems his past. It is at once a delightful love romance and a powerful and realistic story of the war.

"The Spy in Black." By J. Storer Clouston. 5s. net. (Blackwood.) A spy story and one of the best of its kind. It is a thrilling story, in which character study and a delightful humour pleasantly mingle, and is told partly from the standpoint of the spy, and partly in the third person. Lieutenant von Belke, of the German Navy, describes his landing from a submarine at a certain island off the coast of Scotland, where he is to stay with a confederate who is posing as a minister. After many narrow escapes his cool courage and presence of mind bring him safely to his destination, and the daring enterprise seems to be proceeding without a hitch—until the Lieutenant awakes with a shock to the fact that he has been all the while actually playing into the hands of his enemies. Nobody should miss this story, if he has a taste for the joys of wholesome excitement.

"The New Book of Martyrs." By Georges Duhamel. 5s. net. (Heinemann.) Who can explain in a few lines the charm of this book? It is written with the utmost simplicity of style, is starkly, sometimes startlingly realistic in portraying the ugliest details of life in hospital, yet in spite of the grimness of its themes the charm of the book is undeniable. It is an intimate record of the experiences of a French Army doctor, and his stories of the wounded soldiers, French, and occasionally German, who came under his hands; he touches in the characters of the men, repeats what they said to him and to each other, and writes of them and their sufferings, their quiet heroism and strange idiosyncrasies till you know them and all about them as familiarly as he does himself. No art could be more effective than the apparently simple naturalness with which he has set down all these things as they happened around him; no art could have pictured his bizarre environment more clearly, have made his varied patients more livingly human, nor more wholly captured the interest of his readers.

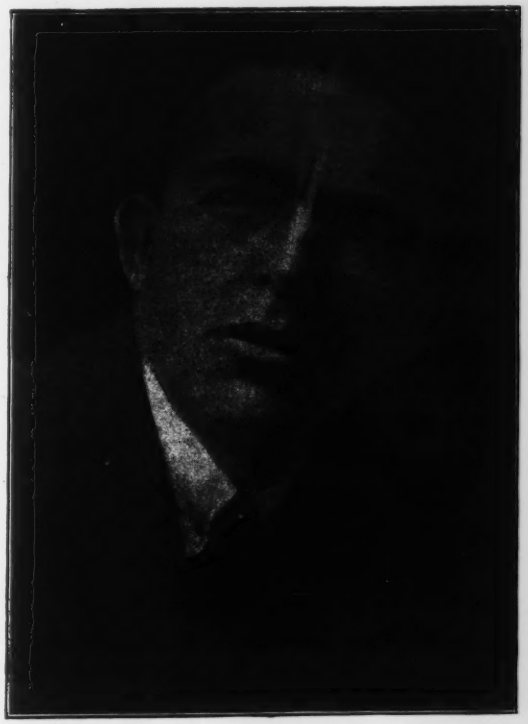


Photo by R. M. Cocks. **Mr. Hubert Wales,**
whose new novel, "Blue Flame," was published last month by Mr. John Long.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JOHN S. MARGERISON.

IN these troubled times there is no tonic so invigorating as a good and proper book. If any civilian, purblind through anxieties at home, the march of Germany eastward beginning the real "Drang nach Osten," and the weighty menace on the only real front now left, is having qualms as to what the Navy thinks and is doing, and opines that the U boats may effectually inflict throes upon the British Isles, he had better take a strong dose of John S. Margerison. "J. S. M.," as he is familiarly known among his friends and his old messmates of the Navy that has moulded and made him, is the finest tonic for a fit of the "blues." His is a

medicament that has no faked febrifuge in its components, and at times is bubbling with a spontaneous gaiety that is of the real Navy spirit itself; though, sometimes, the possession of it causes him to conjure up exploits that only a species of maritime Gargantua may effect, even in fiction.

The war has caused many an English author to sit in sackcloth and ashes and bemoan his future, for it, even as in the days of Hazlitt and Wordsworth, is causing fresh trends of literary thought, ways and popularity, also. But hostilities have surged "J. S. M." up the mounting swell of success in authorship; a calling that, one safely surmises from his published work, he never dreamed of even, as he lay at night in his hammock among his snoring shipmates of the lower-deck; though, the "kipsey" is responsible for many strange fantasies. His ditty-box did not contain either the "Literary Aspirant's Vade-Mecum," or any embrionary MSS.; but one inclines strongly to the belief that a Kipling was there. Yet, whatever it was that prompted Mr. Margerison to launch forth into the hazardous ocean of printer's ink, it was the prompting of some auspicious literary influence. With "The Navy's Way," first published in 1916, followed by the "Sure Shield," "Turret and Torpedo," "Periscope and Propeller," "Destroyer Doings," and that other volume of short stories, "Action!" together with "Sea Services" that is a guide to the Royal Navy and the British Mercantile Marine, "J. S. M." in the three years of his literary career has won success and a book-buying public.

He has done more than this. His fiction is flamboyant at times, and, on occasion, the appeal of it is to a "gallery" avid of dramatic sensation; yet he consistently brings his readers' attention to bear more upon the men and things of the lower-deck than upon the glories of the Bridge and golden-oak-leafed cap-peak. "Bartimeus" is the naval author of British ward-room life; John S. Margerison, notwithstanding his spell of "hooped cuff" and of the quarter-deck, with experiences there greatly variant from those of his "matloe" days—for bluejackets will be bluejackets, just as boys will be boys—as becomes a man of the people, and looking forward to the democratisation of the Navy, rests his material for the greater part upon the classes and ratings other than officers of the military branch. And he knows "Andrew Millar" from the inside outwards, and the units of it from keelson to truck.

John Margerison,
when he first entered the Navy.

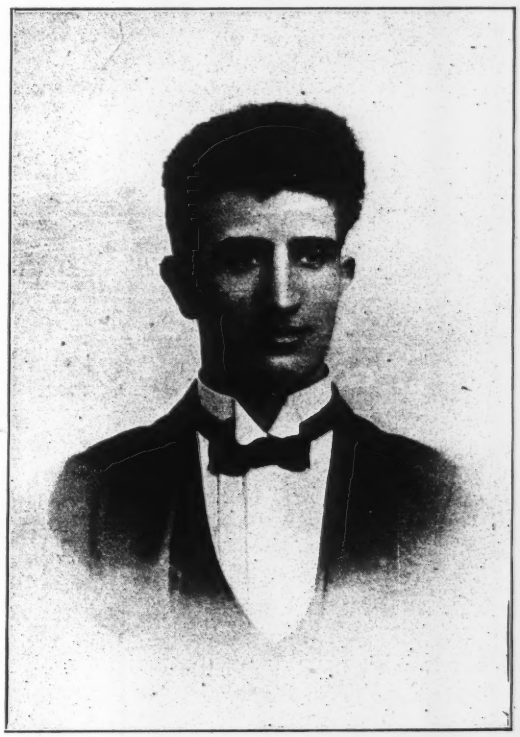
"J. S. M." has everything "on a split yarn," as one of his favourite heroes, Commander James Carew of the submarine M 39, might say—that is, ready for instant use. His naval fiction is not the product of "two ends and the bight of a fool," and almost every one of his stories is more or less enjoyable for its stark truth of naval details. Not his is it to make the egregious mistake set forth by a prominent Wardour Street naval author in a recent issue of a certain popular magazine when he has the Ward-room rise to drink their nightly toast to the King. Who but one who has been a bluejacket himself, and lived for years on the mess deck, could have given the convincing details in the "Gambler," or in "Mulligan," in that volume of short stories and sketches entitled "Action!" or "The Vicissitudes of a Dobeying Firm" in the same book; or, again, the "Duty Cutter's Shield" and "When the Anchor Talks" in the "Sure Shield"?

It is almost an impossibility to portray familiarity successfully with the life of the Navy, much less of the sea, if one does not possess it, or the intuitions for it, say, as in the case of Rudyard Kipling, and a few, a very few, other writers. But with Mr. Margerison we have the real things of the British bluejacket, such as we have not had since Chamier and Marryat penned their naval fiction. Other men have written, and write, engrossing fiction round the Navy, but for the most of them they deal with the Bridge; ignoring the true backbone of the Senior Service—its bluejackets and warrant officers. "J. S. M.," because of the nature of him, does not make this mistake.

Into his best work go the long years of his arduous naval life—from training ship upwards to the culminating act of heroism, that won him promotion to the two rings and executive curl of lieutenancy—and ended, too, unhappily, in his being invalided out of the Service. These long years sustain him in his work, because of his deep-rooted affection for the Service: an affection that has produced results other than fiction; for, as he says in a Note to "Sea Services," during the time the articles making up this volume appeared in serial form he received in less than six months, and dealt with, no fewer than two thousand five hundred letters from youths desirous of entering the Navy, and has since heard from a large proportion of them that they are happily started in sea careers.

In Mr. Margerison's less noteworthy matter, however—that unfortunately appears to have been written with one eye on popular publications and one on the speed of his production therefor—the merits tail astern. In "Periscope and Propeller" and in "Turret and Torpedo" there is a superabundance of healthy deeds of "derring do." Yet yarns—above all, short stories, that apart from yarns pure and simple, must have the effect of totality—cannot envision when they lack the details that convince and make the reader's mind jump with the author's. But one finds most of "J. S. M.'s" yarnings are to be more or less enjoyed, if only because they belong to an easy, unexacting, and heroic type. Though such a passage as when an Allan liner mounts an 800-ton U craft along her first-class non-reinforced

promenade deck causes a little gasp of mild admiration. One wonders, too, what the erudite members of the British Academy would say to a statement that a steamer or other vessel goes down the Thames from the sea to the Port of London. Yet, on occasion, Mr. Margerison's underwater craft goes "down" the Elbe to punish the enemy's ships at Brunsbuttel—and, so, who shall not say we go down the river, past Hammersmith, to Kew. Sometimes, the critical reader comes across such an abnormality as solid "fluid," when the author is seeking a synonym for air. But these are mere sun-spots on the irradiating geniality and wholesomeness of "J. S. M.'s" work as a whole. And, one opines that oversight due to haste in production has given rise to them—haste in production that may easily be accounted for as necessitated by hurried commissions, by rigid contracts with their galling time-limits.



John Margerison.

Mr. Margerison with nigh fatal ease has already caught and fixed the method of his yarns, and that eventually brings stultification in its train. The more fixed the literary method of an author becomes, the more wearisome it grows not only to himself but to his readers; and the more too it tends to sterility of inventiveness and actual creation. To build a tale, a yarn, on a real occurrence, on a substratum of fact, becomes in time to many an author—given he has the spark of imagination—a mere sleight-of-hand accomplishment.

To achieve the rarefied heights of the genuinely fine short story, that persuades and moves one in its own little world, requires something infinitely more than the mere dexterity of the tale or yarn, pure and simple, depending for its interest on incidents rather than on plot and the revelation of character. That Mr. Margerison may reach the zenith of the short story is testified by his "Quid Pro," which toward the end develops a real Poesque feeling and atmosphere with a capital realistic climax, and by other stories in the "Sure Shield," together with "Mulligan" in "Action!" That also he may become a short-story writer of potentiality is apparent, apart from the measure of popularity that he has already won, if—and, unluckily there is an "if" in every premise—he pays less heed to the things that are Cæsar's and more to the things of literature. If, too, he were consistently to consider a story not merely as a frame on which to stretch his materials and impressions but as that which should march in all its parts directly and swiftly toward a single culminative impression, skilfully organised and compact in unity, "J. S. M." would be aiming at a standard which is worthy of the special talents his work reveals. There is nothing more difficult to create than the fine flower of the short story, but there is nothing literary more satisfying when it is successful.

What is especially noteworthy in Mr. Margerison's work is that, save for the naval details, there is but scanty suggestion of the sea, of the winds that blow, and the multitudinous influences which have gone, and still go, to mould the British naval spirit and atmosphere. In this respect, however, his work does not stand alone. In all prose literature dealing with our Navy for the last twenty years or so, only in some of Kipling's work, and in a short story of Major Drury's, and in a naval war-novel issued some years ago by an author whose name has escaped the writer's memory, has the interplay of the sea on human character in the Navy been at all descanted upon. Yet, it forms the basic root of our greatness.

The Chamier of the steam Navy is what "J. S. M." is developing into, with Chamier's big, loose touch, and strong, sometimes melodramatic colouring, and also the same captain's hasty negation of any "scrumbling"—as an artist would say—the effect obtained justifying the means! And Mr. Margerison with his strong inborn twist for genuine story telling can do better than that. There is almost no other writer has such popular materials to draw upon, for a large section of the reading public, whose views of and attitude toward the Navy are capable of being coloured—influenced. One is inclined to think, however, that not till "J. S. M." begins to incorporate more autobiographical details and incidents will he realise himself in fiction, be it long or short.

Then he will tell us masterfully, as the strong man knowing himself, that which brings home the "old" Navy of pork, pease, and punishment, spit-and-polish, and dumping ammunition overboard instead of firing-practice, and brings home the "new" Navy, too, grim and taut with a strength and vigilance that have swept the "squareheads" into tortuous ways undersea.

Maclaren Mein.

XUM

THE READER.

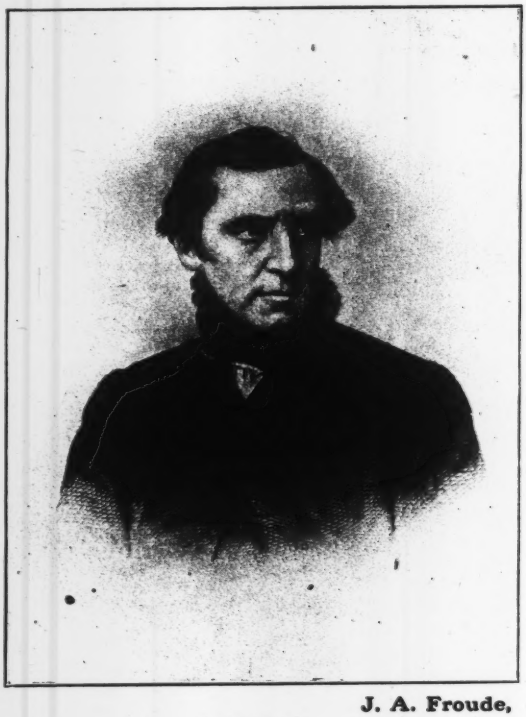
JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

(*April 23rd*, 1818—*October 20th*, 1894.)

By Dr. William Barry.

IT will be one hundred years on April 23rd, 1918—St. George's Day and Shakespeare's Day—since James Anthony Froude was born, at Dartington, in glorious Devon. No one that has ever caught sight of the beautiful land, its moors and streams and sky, but will pause on the remembrance and thank the Power which has made such enchanting scenes out of the elements, a Paradise where the wild Atlantic brings to our western shores the climate and the vegetation of a sub-tropical Eden. It is the home of heroic traditions, from which old sea rovers, pirates, conquerors for England in her struggle with Spain, went forth in their cockle-shells of boats and began the dominion of the seas, whereby—in this our very life's extremity—we are saving ourselves, our Empire, the laws of good King Edward, freedom for Britain and the world. Myself Irish, Catholic, Roman, I never was or could be "Hispaniolated"; and the defeat of the Armada in 1588 fills me with profound reverence of the ways of God. I would say boldly, "*Flavit Deus et dissipavit eos*"—"The winds of Deity scattered them"; for I believe that England has yet a mighty Christian work to do. Such is my faith; such the key-note I would strike in these brief sentences on a man whom I must often differ from, and whose reading of the details of history I find not seldom a trial to honesty and patience. But in that he thought England was worth saving from Philip of Spain I am wholly with him. And in this mood of sympathy between us I write.

I never set eyes on Anthony Froude, though we had friends of the same date from his time at Oxford. His name, after 1845, is not once, I think, found in Newman's correspondence. His brother, Hurrell Froude, was Newman's dearest friend, his adviser and standard of saintly perfection, until Hurrell died in 1836. Newman canonized him in verses which break out of the Tractarian reserve to utter a piercing cry of grief, and in a soaring passage of his Oxford sermons, which by its fire and imagery anticipates the "Dream of Gerontius." The Froudes were a family of most varied gifts, with precisely that clerical standing to which lay open the highest prizes in the Church of England. How the younger one of them, Anthony, came to take orders I do not know. But he would naturally, being Hurrell's brother and of Oriel College, drop for a time into the Tractarian Movement. His admiration of Newman's genius, in whom he recognised some resemblance to Julius Cæsar, lasted through all changes; neither was it killed by complete estrangement. I have always been of opinion that Anthony Froude, Mark Pattison and W. G. Ward were Newman's most individual and most important conquests; but, in the long or short run, he lost all three. Ward became a Catholic, winning renown as a metaphysical thinker of high rank, while more and more suspicious of his old leader's principles and policy. Pattison turned right round, never quitting the Anglican Church, but framing a religion for himself which was certainly not orthodox. And Froude went over to Carlyle. He had once, at Newman's bidding, taken a share in the "Lives of the English Saints," a mediæval biography rendered by him at least in exquisite modern language. But in 1848 he published "The Nemesis of Faith," partly as it is said a veiled account of his own early years, in effect a confession of agnostic despair, and the lament of a bewildered soul. With Carlyle he had gone into the desert. He travelled over its wastes of sand, under the pitiless sun of scepticism, until he died.



J. A. Froude, in the 'sixties.

His attitude towards the Catholic Church—and this determined the course of his writings and their tone or general motive—was peculiar. She had drawn him once with a mighty spell; her fascination never ceased to trouble him; but he judged her to be the false Duessa, mistress of enchantments, and he warned others not to be caught in her wiles. His brother-in-law, Charles Kingsley, shows more or less of the same rather baffling combination of moods. To such lovers of fair things and high spirited romantic dreamers, the glamour of the old Faith came with power; they detested the modern, mechanical age; they were chivalrous in the heyday of the Manchester school like any Roland or Bayard; and all this was really Catholic. But they could not endure clericalism or monasticism, least of all in the form

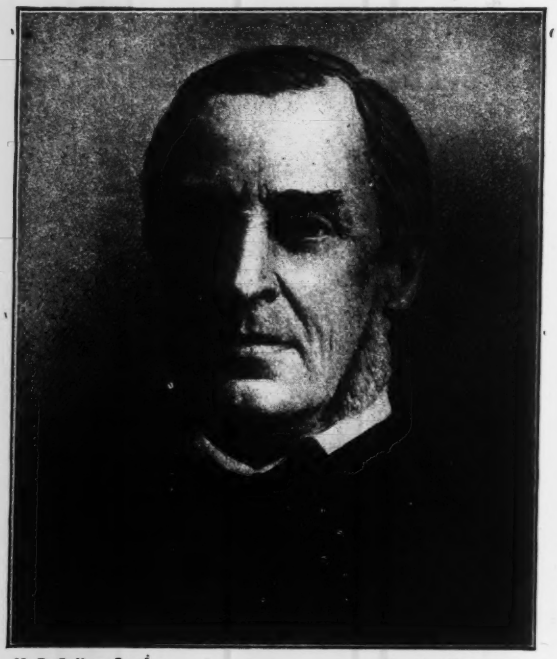
which both assumed at the Renaissance. And they strove to dissolve the charm of the sorceress with vehement rhetoric—in anti-Papal romance, such as "Westward Ho!" or in the twelve volumes which Froude has dedicated to the History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Armada, with his supplementary lectures on the Divorce of Catherine of Aragon, on Erasmus and the Council of Trent. These literary efforts which cost Froude twenty years of reading, travel, and composition, or which occupied the closing period of his life as professor at Oxford, were from first to last anti-Catholic war books. Their inspiration came by rebound from the Oxford Movement; they are always in their arguments and implications a reply to Newman. Their author did not hold the beliefs of the Reformers; he had given up, so far as the law would let him, the orders of the Church of England, on which he pours infinite contempt. But he hated Rome, the false Duessa; therefore he calls on history by way of condemning her to death.

J. A. Froude, 1863.
From a crayon drawing, at Oriel College, Oxford, by Samuel Laurence.

In accepting and reiterating this view Froude was so far from standing alone that the contrary charge might be brought against him, of echoing the popular voice and slaying the slain. I must give his answer as he printed it in the preface, June, 1870, to the completed "History of England." He remarks thus:

"Goethe had said of Luther and Calvin that they had delayed the intellectual growth of Europe for centuries by calling in the mob to decide questions which should have been left to the thinkers. Our own Reformers, who for three centuries had been the object of enthusiastic panegyric, were being assailed with equally violent abuse by the High Churchmen on one side and by Liberal statesmen and political philosophers on the other. Lord Macaulay had attacked Cranmer—as one of the basest of mankind. It had become the fashion to speak with extreme severity of the persecution of the Catholics by Elizabeth. Even writers on the whole favourable to the Reformation described the English branch of it as a good thing badly done. My own impression about it was, that the Reformation was both a good thing itself and that in England it had been accomplished with peculiar skill and success."

These fascinating volumes did not mask their intention. They were polemic dressed up as history by one whose gifts of presentation could scarcely have been excelled, though critics of high renown would not allow the play to be much more than a succession of brilliant stage effects. Froude himself gave hostages to such enemies, not only by refusing to confound "history" with "science"—a denial in which I would follow him—but by terming historical narratives at large "mythology." He tells us that "faithful and literal history is possible only to an impassive spirit," a description which never could have been true of James Anthony Froude. Of course he did not mean to deceive or be deceived. He went back to the sources and spent years upon their perusal or decipherment in London, Simancas, Vienna. But for that very trying work—which after all is instrumental and attorney-like—he was never well qualified. In transcribing manuscript evidence he made many slips, whether dealing with Philip II. (whose hand-writing, says Major Hume, was the worst in Europe) or with Carlyle's "Reminiscences." His abridgments of letters and other documents cannot be trusted. As a translator he took unpardonable liberties with Spanish, French and Latin originals; nor did the grace of his rendering make amends for its want of veracity. All this I set down in sorrow, for the uneasy feeling which accompanies suspicion robs many most absorbing passages of their charm. Yet I do not bring against Froude a railing accusation. By nature, not by wilful false witness, the writer whose words enthral our sense was inaccurate, as we all are in observation or report unless attentive beyond our daily habitual effort. The glowing tribute of Ruskin to his "dear friend" Froude, which we find on record in "Fors Clavigera," must have its weight. "Faithful he," says Ruskin, "as it appeared to me, in all the intent of history; already in the year



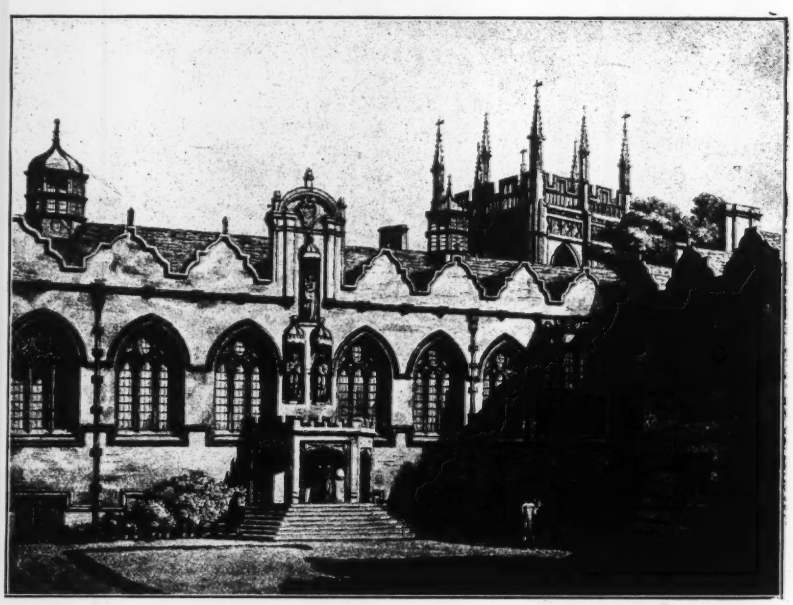
N. P. Gallery, London. **J. A. Froudė.**

From a drawing in coloured chalks by J. Edward Goodall.

1858 shrewdly cognisant of the main facts (with which he alone professed himself concerned) of English life past and present; keenly also, and impartially, sympathetic with every kind of heroism and mode of honesty. Of him I first learned the story of Sir Richard Grenville; by him was directed to the diaries of the sea-captains in Hakluyt; by his influence I had been led to the writing of 'Munera Pulveris'; his Rectorial address at St. Andrews was full of insight into the strength of old Scotland. . . . The first preface to his History is a quite masterly and exhaustive summary of the condition and laws of England before the Reformation." ("Fors," Letter 88, in Works, Vol. 29, p. 387.)

I cherish not even a desire to traverse Ruskin's affectionate testimony. It was meant, I suppose, by way of counterblast to Professor Freeman's attack on Froude's dealing with St. Thomas Becket (see *Contemporary Review*, 1878–1879)—itself the culmination of a warfare carried on previously for years by the somewhat intolerant historian of the Norman Conquest. Freeman knew the ground well; but our verdict on Froude as a trustworthy historian will be determined by sheer and clear evidence rather than by any man's *ipse dixit* and the names I would cite for their documentary statements, not their personal views, are such as the two Maitlands, the Lambeth essayist, or the Cambridge professor, with Gairdner, Gasquet, Brewer, Friedmann — to mention only these. It seems to be admitted that in Froude's pages the least credible or satisfactory are those which offer "a qualified defence of Henry VIII." He is not often clear-sighted in continental affairs; and his Oxford lectures on the divorce of Catherine of Aragon and the Council of Trent must be pronounced dreary failures. In Erasmus he chose a subject highly congenial, where his sympathies and his style had free scope. As a piece of writing it is deservedly admired; but inaccuracies of detail and mistranslations abound everywhere in an essay which ought to have been Froude's masterpiece. For myself I would seek his best work (outside certain episodes which light up the History and will survive it) in the four volumes of "Short Studies on Great Subjects." No one that has read the meditations on Job and Spinoza, the sketches of Roman life, of Lucian, Origen, Celsus, Apollonius, but will have seen in their author if not a deep yet a truly classic scholar of whom Oxford might be proud; while in "The Philosophy of Catholicism" we perceive how the "little more" which makes all the difference would have converted the sceptic into a believer and perhaps a saint of the olden type. "Sympathetic with every kind of heroism" Froude undoubtedly was. I do not look upon his "Life of Cæsar" as nothing beyond a "glorification of Imperialism" inspired by Carlyle. Its hero was, and yet remains, "the foremost man of all this world." To appraise the greatness of Cæsar may be wisdom and justice, though we deplore the lapse of Rome from a self-governing community and the rise upon its political ruin of an Orientalised empire. Froude is more interesting than Mommsen and writes far better than the arrogant German ever did.

Carlyle certainly taught Froude many things, not all of them making for light or peace. One thing the disciple never got from his volcanic old master—the beautiful style by which his fame in literature is secure: grace and unaffected simplicity, pensive undertones, a flowing narrative, which of these characters will describe the unique dialect so long known as "Carlylese"? Not one of them. Carlyle does not charm; he takes his kingdom, and you into it, by violence. I think it the



Oriel College, Oxford,

as it was in Froude's day. His rooms were immediately above Newman's.

The history of mankind says Carlyle is the history of its great men. To find out these, clean the dirt from them, and place them on their proper pedestals is the true function of the historian. He cannot have a nobler one

Facsimile

of closing passage in Froude's Inaugural Lecture at Oxford, in October, 1892.
From the original MS. kindly lent by Miss M. Froude.

highest praise of Froude that he saved his own manner of speech and persisted in it, all through the years when Carlyle's rhetoric was thundering around him. In Ruskin's opinion also he showed at once loyalty and independence by his "Life of Carlyle," which told a great multitude (including the present writer) how strangely unhappy and even chaotic had been the experience of that "peasant of genius." Here again, Froude's judgment halted behind his literary power; he brought down the "pelting of a pitiless storm" on his uncovered head, assailed at once by the Carlyle family, by Mr. C. E. Norton, the distinguished American friend of everybody, by Sir James Crichton-Browne, and by admirers whom the sage of Chelsea had never seen or would have given a gruff dismissal. I will venture only to say this, that Froude, as in other critical moments of his life and writing, was a difficult person to manage; but in his resolution to tell the disagreeable truth, since people clamoured for it—there was courage enough to look not unlike heroism. He made a challenging defence. But the real culprit was a public which cared little for the prophet Carlyle, yet displayed an appetite for ill-natured and scandalous gossip exceeding that of Horace Walpole. I revere Carlyle, to whose memory I am bound by lessons of life-long advantage. But I do not condemn Froude except so far as he was incurably prone to misjudge or mistake the evidence which he had before him.

Photo by Elliss & Walery **J. A. Froude.**

In French literature this highly-gifted man would be recognised as a poet, using history for his medium of expression He is a sort of English Michelet, vivid, glowing, imaginative, passionate, with a gift of language, "the style of gods," which in its golden moments is magical. Ruskin has named instances and quotes the supreme triumph, which tells us how the monks of Charterhouse went to their death. Others remind us of the coronation-scene of Anne Boleyn, the Pilgrimage of Grace, Rizzio's murder, and Mary Stuart at Fotheringhay on February 8th, 1587. I will add the execution of Sir Thomas More, and the martyrdom of St. Thomas at Canterbury. Then the old English life of country and castle, and the sea wanderings of men like Francis Drake—who can snatch a victory over Froude in these delineations? I never visit Warwick Castle without feeling a glamour such as he by the witchery of words flings over us while we read him. But my space is running out; I must make an end. I have no leisure to talk of his travels in South Africa, Australia, the West Indies, or of his taking Freeman's place at Oxford—that Ossianic ghost riding furiously down the wind about the College quadrangles to annihilate him—or of his official duties well done, or of "England's Worthies," amongst whom he claims a place by his devotion to their adventures and his share in their ideals. Of his thirty and more volumes I count in my library twenty-eight. We should have been of minds opposed

on so many points; yet I admire and, in a shadowy sort of way, due to incidental strokes and little things known to me, I feel what may be called an affection for this Anthony who delivered so grand an oration over Cæsar's dead body. He thought, too, that the Catholic Church was dead, in spite of her apparent energy, her marvellous seeming revival. I am not going to talk about that; my words would be deemed merely partisan.

But listen to Ruskin. "I looked," he says, "more passionately for some utterance from him"—from his "dear friend" Froude, the disciple of Carlyle—"of noble story about the brave and faithful dead, and noble wrath against the wretched and miscreant dead-alive. But year by year his words have grown more hesitating and helpless. The first preface to his History"—these words I quoted above—"is a quite masterly and exhaustive summary of the condition and laws of England before the Reformation; and it most truly introduces the following book as a study of the process by which that condition and those laws were turned upside-down and inside-out . . . so that, from the least thing to the greatest, if our age is light, those ages were dark; if our age is right, those ages were wrong—and *vice versa*. There is no possible consent to be got, or truce to be struck, between them. Those ages were feudal, ours free; those reverent, ours impudent; those artful, ours mechanical; the consummate and exhaustive difference being that the creed of the Dark Ages was, 'I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth'; and the creed of the Light Ages has become, 'I believe in Father Mud, the Almighty Plastic, and in Father Dollar, the Almighty Drastic.'"

Thus far the Christian who believed, not in mythology, but in God and His Angels, and the immortal soul of man. All I have now to add is that the Carlyles and the Froudes, themselves holding this doctrine in their heart of hearts, should in mere loyalty to it have considered how they might help the old Religion, instead of venting their rage on corruptions long since reformed and in consequence year by year growing more hesitating and helpless "in presence of the Gospel of Dirt." James Anthony Froude, by his life and writings, points to the union of all who are convinced that man is more than "dust and shadow," in a new and better Reformation which shall be a Christian Renaissance.

HARDY'S POEMS.

By Francis Bickley.

WHEN the future historian of poetry comes to deal with Thomas Hardy, it is probable that the Spirits Ironic will gather round to smile at his perplexity, for his task will not be easy. The historian, if he is to produce a book and not a compilation, must get his figures into some sort of pattern; and though the author of "Tess" and the author of "The Dynasts" will have their places of right among the prominent themes, the place of the author of "Wessex Poems" will be troublesome to assign. Certainly he cannot be relegated to the minor herd: there is something large about even his trivial pieces which precludes that solution, even though it would give him for company not a few who are not only his superiors in craftsmanship but are also gifted in fuller measure with the essence, the magic stuff, of poetry. Nor is he one of the great figures who must stand alone or only in the company of the great. If he must stand alone, it is because there is no one who can quite be matched with him.

In short, Hardy, the poet, is one of the eccentrics of literature, one of those who are "not of the centre," as Arnold used to say. The reason for this is not to be found in his philosophy, which is in itself as suitable an ingredient of poetry as that of Meredith or Browning and would seem to be more in accord with reality. Nor is it to be found in the fact that his poetry is so often local in colouring, or that his characters are rarely universal types but nearly always to be visualised quite distinctly in the quaint *démodé* costume and *coiffeur*—not quite old-fashioned enough to have become definitely romantic—of the 'sixties or 'seventies. He is not a local poet or (like Austin Dobson) a "costume" poet: his subjects may be localised and dated, but the atmosphere of irony through which they are seen neutralises the limitation. Nevertheless, in the company of the poets he is manifestly a provincial; his manners are not those of the *beau monde* of poetry. Character earns him his right to a place in that company, but both temperament and manners keep him aloof. He lacks not only its fervour but also its tact; falling short of Pope as well as of Shakespeare.

We might perhaps figure poetry as a wheel, which, according as this or that man spins it, appears a steady or a fitful flame or a polished, gleaming disc of metal. As Hardy spins it, it is still a wheel. He lets you see the spokes, which, though they are undeniably of good metal, are not fused into unity.

He does not spin the wheel quite fast enough, nor does he spin it quite steadily—which is the same as to say that he lacks the true poetic tact. His sense of fitness is imperfect. There is little to be said for the old prejudice against the use in poetry of words of Latin origin. All the resources of a language should be at the disposal of those who at once put it to its finest uses and enrich it. But Hardy's subjects nearly always seem to call for the atmosphere to be best obtained by a vernacular treatment, and his use of latinisms is notorious. A defect in his prose, still more is this a defect in his verse; or rather the defect is more obvious there because the work is on a smaller scale. Again, he is a curious and skilful metrist; but he too often plays the virtuoso when the simple balladist's were a more appropriate rôle. Then he sometimes overdoes the grotesque, both in diction and in subject, and is not infrequently betrayed by his humour into the ludicrous. Death is his favourite theme, and he has often treated it worthily, but there is more than one piece in his latest volume which calls to mind

the famous tragedy of the ten little nigger boys. On the other hand he is at his best as an elegist and has written nothing finer than the threnody for Swinburne, "A Singer Asleep," daringly reminiscent of Swinburne's own great threnody for Baudelaire, or than the Waterloo lyric, very characteristically an anticipatory dirge, in "The Dynasts."

While poetry is always immanent in the Wessex novels, the Wessex poems are the verses of a novelist. Personal as they are, they are mostly dramatic and objective. Their subjects are not so much projections of the author's personality as surrounded with it. They are novels in miniature, notes which have been refined and pared down to essentials instead of having been expanded and elaborated. Many of them might have been written in prose; to put them into verse was the technical dandyism of the miniaturist or the carver of ivory. Perhaps the historian will be well advised to treat them with the novels, as chips from the diamonds which are "Tess" and "The Woodlanders."

"Moments of Vision"* is Hardy's fifth volume of poetry, exclusive of "The Dynasts." Its faults and merits are those of its predecessors. Its special characteristic is that it contains its author's war poems, except the famous "Men Who March Away," which is in an earlier book. Some of these illustrate the failings with which this paper has been perhaps too exclusively concerned, but "In Time of 'the Breaking of Nations'" is not eccentric at all but obvious as most great poetry is obvious:

"Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

"Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

"Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die."

To have written that and "The Darkling Thrush" and "A Singer Asleep" and "The Eve of Waterloo" and "Men Who March Away" is to have established an unassailable claim to the high name of poet.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL. 1918.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

WAR TIME NOTICE.—*The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month, and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and, nowadays, cannot always obtain their copies of* THE BOOKMAN *punctually, we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following, as below.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best six lines of original verse to the British housewives who are bearing the brunt of the food difficulties.

(The Prize of Three Books will be offered next month for the best note in not more than one hundred words of prose on What I Think of Standard Boots.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—This PRIZE is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Marjorie K. Smyth, of 6, Osborne Mansions, Northumberland Street, W., and to A. M. Christie, of Ashfield, Torquay, for the following:

HEREDITY.

They say you have your father's eyes
Exact in colour and in size.
And I had thought a bit of blue
Had fallen from the summer skies
And hidden in your upturned eyes.

You have your Grandma's hair, I'm told,
Hers, now so white, was just as gold.
But I had thought the sunset's glow
Had lingered round your dainty head
Instead of hurrying off to bed.

A great-aunt's dimple comes and goes
In your soft cheek, your little nose
Belongs to Mother, and your lips—
So like the petals of a rose
That tremble with each breeze that blows.

* "Moments of Vision." By Thomas Hardy. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

Oh! lovely robber, thief most fair!
If eyes and lips and golden hair
Are not your own, then keep, I pray,
But hide away lest some one see
The faithful heart you stole from me.

MARJORIE K. SMYTH.

HARLEQUIN'S SONG.

I pass
Where'er I've a mind,
With a laugh, as I dance,
And a leap so high,
With a lightning glance,
And a crash and a flash
In the summer sky!
I come in the wind,
And I go with a sigh. . . .
And nobody ever sees Harlequin,
Happy-go-lucky Harlequin,
Go by. . . .

(But never again with Columbine,
Never again with you.
Side by side, and hand in hand
We wandered the wide world through!
And because I could not understand,
Columbine
Will never be mine,
Will never again be mine. . . .)

I come
With a tap on the cheek,
And a quip so gay,
An invisible sprite
In my motley array,
With a dangle o' spangle
To flash in the light!
And lo! when they seek—
I have vanished from sight!
For nobody ever sees Harlequin,
Happy-go-lucky Harlequin,
In flight. . . .

(But never again with Columbine,
Never again with you.
For with all the craft of my magic art
I never guessed what she loved the best
Was the song of a human heart. . . .
I gave her the earth and the stars above,
And she bartered them all for a song of Love!
A song that I never knew. . . .
So Columbine
Will never be mine,
Will never again be mine. . .)

I pass
With a call and a cry
And a taunt so gay,
Like the flash of a dart
I speed on my way,
In a hush, with the rush
Of my magic art!
And I cannot die,
I must play my part. . . .
For never a soul has Harlequin,
Happy-go-lucky Harlequin,
Only a broken heart. . . .

A. M. CHRISTIE.

We also select for printing:

LAST LEAVE—A RECOLLECTION.

A chamber, cool in blue and white,
The closing of a summer day,
Belovéd lips that say
A greeting and a low good-night
When dusk enfolds us in its grey.

A morn of azure and of pearl,
And joy that pulses high and sweet,
Long hours that pass as fleet
As those small brooks that twist and curl
Through scented heather at our feet.

A parting when night falls again,
A little gown of white and blue;
A memory of you
Melting in sadness for your pain:
So swift to wax, so long to wane—
Could you divine *I* sorrowed too?

(G. M. Sturdee, The Manor, Norton Fitzwarren, Taunton, Somerset.)

APRIL IN LONDON.

It is April in London, and daffodils are blowing
Jocund and lovely in garden, park and square,
The almond is in blossom and tasselled gold is glowing
Over willow, larch and hazel everywhere.

It is April in London, and the flower-sellers' baskets
Waft fragrance of hyacinths and purple violets sweet,
And scent of white narcissi and mimosa—like caskets
Swinging incense up and down the city street.

It is April in London, the green lawns are a glory
Inlaid with amber wallflowers and tulips gold and red
In Kensington Gardens where thrushes sing their story
Of love among the branches where lilac light is shed.

It is April in London, but Spring's full joy is daunted
By War's deep shadow casting its gloom o'er lives to-day,
And hearts that felt the rapture, by Sorrow's voice are haunted,
Lonely in olden ways where chequered sunbeams play.

(Editha Jenkinson, 22, Harlow Moor Drive, Harrogate.)

We specially commend the lyrics by Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Cyril G. Taylor (Bellaghy), Mrs. A. Craven Greenwood (Gibraltar), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Birkdale), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), E. J. Pratt (Toronto), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Iris Sparks (Salisbury), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), Violet Gillespie (Worthing), R. Paget (London, S.W.), Frederick J. Mathias (Cardiff), K. E. Minnitt (Mansfield), Phillis Marks (London, N.W.), H. E. Ley (Oxford), Muriel Isaac (London, N.W.), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), A. P. Herbert (Hammersmith), C. E. S. (Glasgow), William H. Forster (Canonbury), Mrs. C. M. E. Semper (Lutterworth), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), Olive E. Rawson (Meopham), C. Leslie Gunston (Winchester), Miss F. Olsen (B.E.F., France), Noëlle Ffrench (Mount Talbot), E. K. Nugent (London, S.W.), Rachel L. Manners (Stamford), Rev. A. L. Gardiner (Bounds Green), Private H. Baxter (Caister), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Janet E. Ebsworth (Coventry), Eleanora Preston (Bedford), Lilly Salisbury (Norwich), Mrs. Brian Luck (London, S.W.), P. G. Salt (Highgate), J. A. B. (Highgate), M. A. Ruck (Kenilworth), Margaret E. Masefield (Cheadle), Anna Walker (Sleights), Audrey Haggard (South Kensington), Frances Helen Jackson (Lincoln), A. M. Richardson (Guisborough), Endon Valy (Bushey), G. M. Hemmings (Bristol), A. C. McI. (Bath), John White (Bedford), Anita Lea (Liverpool), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Miss E. Robus (Tonbridge), F. W. Kuhlicke (Walton-on-the-Hill), Lorraine Harvey (Bushey), Delphine Stringer (Cromer), Monica Chapman (Bounds Green), Barbara H. Storey (Penzance), Enid D. Woolbright (Chelsea), Vera Hill (West Kensington), Winifred Barrows (West Moors), Emily Lewis (Mansfield), Richard Tucker (Tavistock), A. C. W. (Kensington), Arthur Pollard (Accrington), Dora Hilda Southgate (Maidenhead), Caerleon (Redditch), William C. Pocock (Bristol), Doris M. Hateley (Birmingham), Emasie (Dublin), D. Stewart Wright (Glasgow), Percy

Allott (Sheppey), Miss M. E. Richardson (Roker), Elizabeth Hall (Sevenoaks), Miss M. V. G. Hunt (Brook Green), Gunner Frank E. Westbrook (Heylesbury), H. E. Ryland (Birmingham), Alfred W. Baillie (Crystal Palace), Bombardier Frank A. Hellawell (M.E.F.), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Miss N. Walker (Belfast), Thomas E. Kinna (Grahamstown, S.A.), B. M. K. (Nottingham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. A. J. Wilson, of 22, High Street, Winterton, Doncaster, for the following:

EVERYBODY'S HUSBAND. By GILBERT CANNAN. (Martin Secker.)

"I'm not a single man!"
THOMAS HOOD, *I'm not a Single Man.*

We also select for printing:

THE GREAT UNBORN. By EDWIN PUGH. (Palmer & Hayward.)

"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."
BURNS, *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

(M. A. Dawes, College Hall, Byng Place, W.C.1.)

SIMPLE SOULS. By J. H. TURNER. (Cassell.)

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."
BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

(Miss Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

GREAT POSSESSIONS. By DAVID GRAYSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Butter and eggs,
And a pound of cheese."
C. S. CALVERLEY.

(Mary Vincent, "Convent," Magdalen Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best motto (original or selected) for V.A.D. workers is divided, and TWO BOOKS each awarded to Cecily D. Cumine, of 21, Craigerne Road, Blackheath, S.E.3, and to Miss Pugh, of 13, Baldslow Road, Hastings, for the following:

"Not for self, but for country."
(*Motto of Earl Romney.*)

"Honour before Honours."

Miss E. M. Delafield (London, W.) says rather significantly, after two and a half years' experience as a V.A.D., she has come to the conclusion that the motto that has recurred oftenest to her mind is "Steady your hand in time of squalls" (Newbolt's "Admiral Death"); Miss Isaacson (Campden Hill) proposes "Suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe" (*Shakespeare*); D. Hare (Bath) somewhat frivolously suggests "Helping Tommy leads to fresh 'engagements'"; and Miss Marjorie Parkes (Oldham), "We ain't paid much, but we *do* see life" (*Bartimeus*). We select for special commendation the twelve mottoes sent by Mrs. Brian Luck (London, S.W.), J. D. (Rhondda), A. H. Stoddon (Luton), Katie E. Green (Stourbridge), Balvo (Broadstone), Private R. C. Bodker (Woolwich), E. J. Cooke (Halifax), Jean Tarbet (London, S.W.), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), Mrs. A. J. Russell (Bitterne), Mrs. A. H. Dalglish (Maidenhead), Thomas Jones (Oldham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mary C. Mair, of 142, Broadhurst Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.6, for the following:

THE EYES OF A CHILD. By EDWIN PUGH. (Chapman & Hall.)

This book, as its name implies, visualises life from a child's point of view; and the author's unhappy experiences at school—"that abominable slaughter-house of hapless childhood"—are described with great indignation and perhaps a little bitterness. But there is happiness in the book as well as misery, for in every child's life there must be some gleams of sunshine—"links in the chain of memories glittering and distinct as jewels." It is not too much to say that "The Eyes of a Child" is one of the most sympathetic, most profoundly human child-studies that have ever been written.

We also select for printing:

IN ANOTHER GIRL'S SHOES. By BERTA RUCK. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Humour, freshness, plenty of colour and fascinating detail, a delightful tangle of complications, without even one villain in the piece—these are the ingredients of one of the jolliest books Miss Ruck has written. The war only comes into it as a background for the unusual adventures of Rose Whitelands, the heroine, who, after repeated and futile attempts to discard the other girl's shoes for her own, discovers that she would rather stay where she is; and thereby provides the happy ending for which the reader has been so anxiously hoping and which at first seems so impossible.

(Elsie M. Meredith, 4, Queen Anne's, Bideford, Devon.)

LONDON LAMPS. By THOMAS BURKE. (Grant Richards.)

This little book of verse transplants me from the gaudy, restless East, straight to the heart of London. It conveys, with surprising tenderness and whimsicality, an impression of the personality of London, full of charm and appeal, clothed sometimes in the garish colours of Limehouse, sometimes in subdued and subtle tints of lilac and grey. The call of Town comes straight to our hearts and leaves us stirred as when on a frosty night we walked alone amid crowded streets, revelling in the thrill of lights, bustle, and colour, till the very joy of it moved us to melancholy.

(Gladys E. Pearsall, The Knowle, Panchgani, Bombay Presidency, India.)

THE LAND. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (George Allen & Unwin.)

This is a strong and carefully worked-out plea for a return to the land; and a demand for legislation to deal with the economic problems which have arisen owing to the fact that the position of these islands has been radically altered by the advent of the submarine and the aeroplane. We must grow our own food: village life must be recreated; and the towns themselves drastically improved. For the future the country's watchword should be "all for health." The arguments put forward should be studied by every one interested in the very vital question of reconstruction after the war.

(H. W. Mottram, 27, Moscow Court, Queen's Road, W.2.)

We specially commend the twenty reviews by E. R. Gunn (King William's Town, S.A.), J. W. Douglas Smith (Dundee), Ellen Lush (Auckland, N.Z.), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), N. Walker (Belfast), C. Dawson (Llandudno), Maud Montagu Bruce (Sunningdale), P. H. Shaylor (Reading), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), Agnes M. Macaulay (Malvern), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), G. Belton Cobb (Hampstead), S. S. Wright (Swanley), Dorothy Ensor (Hampstead), H. B. Carson (Belfast).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to R. A. Finn, of The Sundial, Surbiton.

XUM

New Books.

TRISTAN AND ISEULT.*

This new play is assured of a generous and appreciative welcome from all lovers of poetry. The familiar bluish-grey binding will carry their thoughts to earlier volumes, and remind them of a debt which they are very willing to acknowledge. For to the student of contemporary English literature, Mr. Symons occupies a special niche peculiar and apart. His various books represent varying facets of a talent which, at least, is always at unity with itself, and consistent with a central conception of things. He moves, insatiably curious, amidst the phenomena of our world, and to the recognition and artistic expression of that phenomena he has devoted the resources of a remarkable intelligence. Mr. Symons is a master of many literatures, and whilst certainly a poet born, is not less assuredly a poet made. His Muse does not lack inspiration, but even less does she lack art and artifice. She has passed through the London—and Paris—streets with a very modish air, and her head, indeed, is not more filled with dreams than her heart is concerned with love. She is, perhaps, even too preoccupied about that "brief longing, and deceiving hope, and bodily tenderness," of which a brother poet speaks. Touching life, as he does, at so many points, and dealing with his material with such unfailing distinction, it is not surprising that Mr. Symons's reputation stands deservedly high. It would stand even higher were not a distinctively personal talent so curiously sensitive to outside influences. A certain delicate imitativeness seems part of his exquisite and original gift. His prose may be considered a tribute to Pater's memory; and, in poetry, from the manner of Browning he turned to that of Verlaine, and even reproduced with remarkable fidelity the note and the "stammer" of Mr. Yeats. And yet, despite any such foreign influences, the talent of Mr. Symons remains essentially his own.

The theme of Mr. Symons's play lay ready to his hand, and was a matter after his own heart. The romance of Tristan and Iseult is one of the great love stories of the world. It remains a supreme achievement of the Middle Ages, as enduring and significant a masterpiece as one of their own Gothic cathedrals. There is no story richer and more picturesque in incident, none more suffused in tragic beauty, for it is wrought from the very stuff of fatality. The mediæval poets seem to have been a little nervous of their own audacities, and sought to tone down and explain away certain features of the narrative, but their anxiety was fruitless, for the authorised version of the legend survives in the "Morte D'Arthur," much as it was originally written. Draped in the cloth of gold of that incomparable history, Tristan and Iseult stand familiar to all lovers of old romance; but another version of their story, in very charming modern French, has been prepared from ancient sources by M. Bédier, and translated into equally excellent English by Mr. Belloc. It is no wonder that the modern imagination has occupied itself largely with so impassioned a legend, nor is it surprising that obvious difficulties should have prevented our poets from achieving complete success. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" contained two stories concerned practically with the same theme—the love of Lancelot and Guinevere, and the love of Tristram and Iseult. To avoid monotony, and to secure dramatic contrast, Tennyson transposed the character of Tristram to a lower key, and made the great Knight the mere blot and foil of Lancelot. Swinburne, again, attempted a task for which he had not the necessary gifts, and "Tristram of Lyonesse" consequently is but a mediæval narrative which tripped and fell amongst a tangle of roses, and was suffocated by their overpowering scent. It is a thousand pities that this subject was earmarked for Swinburne by his friends, as otherwise the theme would certainly have been essayed by William Morris—our finest story teller in verse since Chaucer—and should have resulted in an additional bead to the rosary of the "Earthly Paradise," and in an adequate treatment of the most passionate and beautiful of mediæval love stories.

It is a great pleasure, and but bare justice, to acknowledge at once that Mr. Symons's dramatic poem of "Tristan and Iseult" is a very delightful performance. As a piece of narrative the drama is quite straightforward and adequate, and contrives to include the essential motives of the story with ease and simplicity. It is easy to say that the legend is not new to the stage, and that Mr. Symons had an excellent model before him. The fact remains that within the narrow compass of four acts the familiar and famous incidents are all presented before the spectator. It would, indeed, be pleasant to witness the play rather than to read the book, for the protagonists are sharply differentiated, and should occupy the boards with distinction. Iseult takes no heed of anything save love, but Tristan moves torn between desire and honour, whilst Mark approves himself as a singularly fine and chivalrous nature. If Mr. Symons shows gifts of construction and character drawing to a degree of which his admirers were not previously assured, the dialogue of the tragedy, of course, is all that can be desired. The characters express their emotions and thoughts in a language of studied simplicity, always adequate to the dramatic requirements of the situation. Considered as poetry the blank verse is of Mr. Symons's best, and the speeches of King Mark are of quite remarkable dignity and distinction. "Tristan and Iseult" is in fact a very personal piece of work, none the less personal to its writer because it not infrequently recalls in construction, in characterisation, and in sentiment, the masterpiece of Wagner, and the interpretation of that music-drama in D'Annunzio's "Triumph of Death." Indeed, such delicate sensitiveness to artistic impressions makes Mr. Symons's play all the more personal to himself.

Will not the Stage Society, which has given hospitality to so many excellent plays unsuited to the traffick of the modern theatre—including at least one by Mr. Symons—increase the gratitude of its members by affording them an opportunity of assisting at a representation of this fine poetic tragedy!

EUGENE MASON.

* "Tristan and Iseult." By Arthur Symons. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

FASHIONS IN VERSE.*

There is an irresistible spirit of restlessness just now in the field of English Verse; and these three volumes, in their widely different ways, illustrate phases of the prevailing uncertainty and indecision. Generally speaking, there seems to be a conviction among poetic craftsmen that the measures, methods, patterns, which absorbed the energy of the last generation to bring them to perfection, have for the time being exhausted their resources; and that new themes and new treatments must be attempted, if poetry is not to stagnate and wither. Hence all sorts of rather feverish experiments, countered on the other hand by deliberate returns to tradition, the alternating current establishing a sort of incoherence in aim and sentiment, which threatens to deprive much true inspiration of its proper recognition. Undoubtedly we are passing through a period of transition, which has yet to establish its permanent relations between the future and the past.

* "Whin." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Twenty-six Poems." By Cecil Roberts. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Finding." By Helen Dircks. 2s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

It would be difficult to light upon a more typical example of this spirit of indecision than is afforded by the latest volume of Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. In Mr. Gibson we have been accustomed to recognise a modern of the moderns, experimenting with novel and often crude studies of life, and inclined to beat out an imaginative impression into the thinnest leaf. His dangers have been over-sensitiveness and prolixity. But in his latest book he is found, as it were, halting between two moods. The more modern of his new pieces are the barest impressionism; the swift recording of an evanescent mood. Here, for instance, is a complete poem, called "Yeavering Bell."

"Just to see the rain
Sweeping over Yeavering Bell
Once again!

"Just to see again,
Light break over Yeavering Bell
After rain."

Economy of expression could hardly go further, the trouble is that there is nothing in the effort worth expressing. And Mr. Gibson's "Whin" is full of these thin wisps of verse, shavings or chips from the poet's workshop, fragments without form or implication. They alternate with a rather interesting series of exercises in imitation of the old folk-songs and hillside legends, good, easy jingling melodies, such as are sung down in West Country taverns, when the mugs of cider are running low.

"'Twixt Coldmouth Hill and Butterstone Shank
I met an old crowder grizzled and lank,
With his kit tucked under his arm.
And I called to him, 'Crowder, whither away?'
And he answered: 'I'm due upon Michaelmas Day
To fiddle at Cherrytree's Farm—
For I play "Bobbie Shafto" and "Stagshaw Bank Fair,"
"The Waters of Tyne," "Elsie Marley,"
"Chevy Chase" and the "Keel Row" and "Dick o' the Cow,"
And "Over the Water to Charlie"!'"

This is cheery, virile stuff of its kind; and often Mr. Gibson instils into his verse a weird and eerie lonesomeness, as in the story of the parson's daughter who ran away with the gipsy, and left her home and faith for ever for the freedom of the open road. Mr. Gibson does this sort of thing well enough; but, after all, it is purely artificial, *pastiche* work; it is not what his public has come to expect of him. The whole book is disappointing, undecided, lacking in intellectual force. It seems to suggest that its author is for the moment uncertain of what to do next; that he is writing for the sake of writing. Now, there is no worse reason for writing verse than that.

There is not a shred of uncertainty, on the other hand, about Mr. Cecil Roberts, who stands deliberately upon the ancient ways, the ways of pleasantness, natural beauty, and high spiritual imagination. He affords the counter-check to revolt. He is the young man eloquent in harmony with the old. Mr. Roberts is a sincere and elaborate craftsman, loading his rifts with ore; his verse has dignity, richness, and abundant colour. It may seem a little late in the day to choose such a theme as "Helen of Troy" for an English lyric; but the choice can hardly be judged unjustified when it issues in such full-orbed and picturesque poetry as this:

"She sang like a bird in an April dawn
When the trembling verge of light new-born
Gleams like gold on the grey world's edge;
And the lark, whose high-flown privilege
Was to sentinel day from his airy tower,
Fell silent beneath a sweeter power
Of song that descended like manna from heaven;
And the shepherd forgot the charge he was given,
The fisherman left his boat on the shore,
The trader ran from his little store
Where swords of silver, shields of gold,
Tyrian robes and girdles were sold;
And a youth sprang out of the shadowed sea
Where he bathed, his body like ivory
White and moulded, glistening yet
In youth's cold purity, naked and wet.
He ran to the shore like a child entranced,
Aureoled in the light that glanced
On the marble form, the length of limb,
Breadth of shoulder and grace of him
Whom men called Paris, Priam's son,
Whose beauty the heart of Helen won."

The secret charm of Mr. Cecil Roberts's poetry lies in the fact that it always gives utterance to a cry of the soul; you feel instinctively that every poem that he writes is wrung from the heart. "Exile" is a notable case in point. It is full of fine imagery, but the workmanship is never an excrescence; the eye of the artist is always on the hidden things of the heart.

"Here by the seashore breaks the cruel sea
Loud in the midnight baring its white lip,
Here, while the darkness broods and covers me,
I am grown wise with that fine scholarship
Which absence fosters and the heart makes dear.
What lies beyond the darkness, on the face
Of those black waters restless 'neath the moon—
A wondrous daybreak, white and fresh and clear?
Is the darkness always lost in light somewhere,
And Sorrow made to flee the morning's grace?
O Dawn, I cry to thee: 'Come soon—come soon!'"

It could hardly fail to profit some of the more restless experimentalists in modern verse, if they would give thought to the freshness and simple beauty of Mr. Roberts's work. No one could call him old-fashioned and retrograde, yet he works in recognised measures, and keeps touch with tradition. Like every true artist, he displays personality not through violent eccentricity, but by the free exercise of an individual temperament under the sure restraint and discipline of method.

Miss Helen Dircks, by contrast, thinks very little of the traditions of her art, and holds up the methods of the past to easy ridicule.

"O you
Who bow down and worship
Before the great god Form,
Has it ever chanced
Upon a sultry summer's afternoon
You wandered
Down a country lane
And lighted
On a six-petalled dog-rose?
And was its scent less sweet,
Or shape less perfect,
Than those
That bloomed
Correctly
In the hedge?
Or did you pluck it
From the rest
And throw it
Impatiently
Upon the road
And say
Its Creator
Should have given it but five?"

It must, we fear, be confessed that the logic of this apostrophe is on a level with her metrical lack of distinction and effect. The six-petalled dog-rose was still a rose; it was the Alexandrine, so to speak, of the hedgerow; but Miss Dircks's *vers libre* has no sort of relation to the poetry it deserts, no balance, no melody, no charm.

One hesitates to accuse a revolutionary poet of employing *vers libre* out of an incapacity of ear and a deficient sense of form, but Miss Dircks's excursions into recognisable metrical patterns do not reassure one.

"The great sun came on the pallid dawn
Through the lines of singing sunbeams,
The great sun came and light was born
Through the lines of singing sunbeams.

"The great sun came in shimmering gold
Through the lines of singing sunbeams,
The great sun came as he came of old
Through the lines of singing sunbeams."

Much bad drawing is smothered up in the excesses of the Futurist. It is to be feared that in the same fashion a certain amount of sloppy verse-writing seeks to escape notice by breaking free from the fetters of rhyme and metre. It is a pity, because Miss Dircks is sometimes visited by a striking and original idea. She is merely the victim of the prevailing restlessness, which tries to persuade the artist that eccentricity is power, and that the old ways have been trodden down so hard that they are no longer capable of bearing flowers. It is a great mistake. The old herbaceous borders are full of perennials still.

Arthur Waugh.

XUM

A REBEL'S BOOK.

This second volume of the Collected Works of Padraic Pearse has a peculiar interest. The latest of the rebels, a man of English descent, has translated the songs of all the rebels who went before him. The Irish text appears side by side with Pearse's English rendering. Curiously enough the "Songs of the Rebels" are rendered with far less beauty and charm than the "Specimens from an Irish Anthology" which make up the latter half of the book. It is as though he was more concerned with the accuracy of the translation in the early part of the book than with rendering the beauty of the original poem. He, or his translated, have kept the good wine to the last. The essential poet in Padraic Pearse did not allow himself fair play. It is when we get to the "Specimens from an Irish Anthology" that the student yields place to the artist and creator of beauty. From the spiritual passion of the "Keening of Mary":

"O Peter, O Apostle, hast thou seen my bright Love?
(M'óchón agus, m'óchón O!)
I saw Him even now in the midst of His foemen.
(M'óchón agus, m'óchón O!)"

to the passionate love-song of "Young Donal" all is beauty. Pearse was a natural saint, an entirely spiritual man, as little hampered by the body as any man could be, yet there is neither coldness nor prudery in these burning strains. The girl in love cries to Young Donal:

"'Tis late last night the beagle spoke of you,
The snipe spoke of you in the deep of the bog;
But you were gone like a lone barnacle goose among the woods.
May you be without mate for ever until you get me!

* * * * *

"When I go to the Well of Loneliness
I sit down making lamentation;
When I see the world and see not my lad
Who had the shadow of amber mantling in his cheeks.

"Yon is the Sunday I gave you love,
The very Sunday before Easter Sunday,
When I was on my knees reading the Passion,
My two eyes were constantly giving you love.

* * * * *

"You have taken East, you have taken West from me,
You have taken the path before me and the path behind me,
You have taken moon, you have taken sun from me,
And great is my fear you have taken God from me."

This is passion clean and unashamed. Not less beautiful is the "Father Keens his Drowned Child":

"Alas, my grief, what shall I do henceforth the world wearing me
Without your chalk-white little hand like a break through trees on my sombre brow,
Your little mouth of honey-like angel music against my ear
Saying to me gently, 'Dear heart, poor father, be not troubled.'"

These are ardently beautiful things that burn as a white flame. They have gained purity and beauty from their passage through the mind of the latest of the rebels.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The Fight for the Parliamentary Championship in the 'sixties.
From "In the Days of Victoria" (John Lane).

* "Songs of the Irish Rebels and Specimens from an Irish Anthology." By Padraic Pearse. 5s. net. (Maunsel.)

POT-POURRI.*

Charles Dickens in the early 'sixties.
From "In the Days of Victoria" (John Lane).

In times such as these when every one is feeling the strain of war, a book like "In the Days of Victoria" is acceptable. It does not make much demand on the mind, it contains little that is new, but the names that are mentioned in the volume recall pleasant memories and take us back to the good old days of peace when literature and art bulked more largely, and people talked more of pictures and books than of munitions and aircraft. Mr. Plowman, who has had an official association with Oxford University and Oxford City, has met many celebrated folk, and not infrequently chronicles something of interest about them. Sometimes, it must be confessed, he meanders, as when after telling us that he revisited the site of the original Gatti's Restaurant, he recalls that "there, for the first time in my life, I had a fourpenny ice—all to myself. I thought it was the most delicious compound I had ever absorbed. Had my mythological knowledge been equal to the occasion, I should have believed it was the ambrosia of the gods, for its flavour was equal to its size, and its memory haunts me still in a pleasurable sense." I prefer Mr. Plowman when he indulges in reminiscences of others. He gives us an amusing toast which Dr. Routh, the autocratic President of Magdalen, gave on the Sunday after the death of the Iron Duke: "The memory of our great and good Chancellor, who never erred—except when he was overruled." Thus neatly he paid off many an old score he had against his colleagues. There is a letter from Dickens, written from the office of *Household Words* to the friend of a would-be contributor, which concludes:

"I would advise her for ever and a day to dismiss the Gentle Reader as a monster of the Great Mud Period, who has no kind of business on the face of the literary earth; to remember if she sits down to write for a journal like this, that she is just an English woman, writing the English language for a large English audience, and to consider whether she cannot get on in such an aim without German lines and French words; to forget herself as utterly as the Gentle Reader, and only to remember what she is describing."

Thackeray also figures in these pages, and there is the fullest account extant of the Oxford election when he stood against and was defeated by Edward Cardwell. It was a good fight, but, as the novelist wrote to his daughters,

". . . a fight without a tussle it is not worth a pin,
And so St. George for England, and may the best man win."

According to Mr. Plowman, Thackeray was only less surprised at being beaten than by the price he was called upon to pay.

"Fortunately, the campaign was a short one or the expenses would have mounted up much higher. As it was, he got off at

* "In the Days of Victoria: Some Memories of Men and Things." By Thomas F. Plowman. With fifteen illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

PELMANISM.

"THE LITTLE GREY BOOKS."

NO books have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches, sailors con them in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet; business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity; lawyers, doctors, and students declare them to be an ever-ready source of help, stimulation, and encouragement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained; "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote *Truth's* telling phrase.

If you do not know the "little grey books," if you are not a Pelmanist, you should hasten to make up for lost time. "Nobody who has not studied these books," says an ardent Pelmanist, "can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting from them."

"A single one of them would be cheap to me at a hundred pounds," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieut.-Colonel.

A General writes from France: "The importance of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalised."

Many business men and women tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks' study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of "record turnover" and 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students (including men and women of all occupations in life) show that *less than one in a hundred* failed to gain substantial advantages from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of half an hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true; but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class, not a business or trade or profession in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success. That is to say a means of increasing efficiency and developing "braininess" to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism; it has proved such an enormous help to them in "getting on" in business. Many of them describe it as "the best investment I ever made."

Moreover they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students of the Pelman Course.

Truth has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism amongst various classes and confesses it would be impossible to name a business, profession, or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

The directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable the readers of THE BOOKMAN to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay.

To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by post card to the address in next column.

INTERESTING LETTERS.

From a Director.

I consider the Pelman Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power; power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course.

From a Clerk.

Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousandfold better memory. If only the public *knew* your Course I am sure your offices would be literally besieged by prospective students.

From a Manager.

Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business.

From a Bank Cashier.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the Pelman System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision, and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained.

From a Textile Buyer.

From my own experience I would strongly recommend the Pelman Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind; it tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping.

From a Merchant.

I think it right that I should tell you what benefits I have derived from the study. The greatest benefit is a larger interest in life—a keener appetite for business. It has awakened me to a fuller knowledge of myself, giving me more self-confidence, and making my powers of observation more exact.

IMMEDIATE BENEFITS.

"Benefit," says "Truth," "is derived from the very first, and this is the general experience of the vast majority of the students. Almost before they are aware of it the brain is being set methodically to work on the lines which will bring out its full capacity."

A NATIONAL ASSET.

It is difficult to speak of Pelmanism without enthusiasm. To say that the Pelman Institute is doing a great national work is no more than the bare truth. The movement is no passing craze, but is one which will endure and wax greater and still greater as its supreme value comes to be more and more understood and appreciated by the mass of the nation.

Pelmanism is a real national asset, and it possesses the further advantage of being a valuable *personal* asset for every man and woman who adopts it.

Pelmanism is fully explained and described in "Mind and Memory," which, with a copy of "Truth's" remarkable report on the work of the Pelman Institute, will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader of THE BOOKMAN *who addresses The Pelman Institute, 20, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

the cost of £831 17s. 9d., being £46 5s. 10d. above that accredited to the winning side, who escaped with £785 11s. 11d. This was a cheap get-out for both sides, supposing it represented *all* the expenditure, at an Oxford election."

Mr. Plowman, who has written many plays, naturally came into contact with many of the leading theatrical lights. He records a neat remark of Charles Mathews, who was often in the Fleet for debt: "As long as I paid nobody, I was fairly comfortable, but directly I paid Jones, Brown, who hadn't been paid, was rampant, and that's how I brought trouble on myself." Mr. Plowman saw Irving playing in a stock-season at Bath, and was not much impressed by his talents, but he never forgot the prophecy of the manageress of that theatre: "You may say what you like about him, but the day will come when he will be acclaimed as the greatest actor on the English stage. It is in him, and it is bound to come out." That is a prophecy worth having uttered. Amusing, if not particularly novel, was Sir William Harcourt's retort to his elder brother, who lamented the other's radical tendencies, "Ah, if I had succeeded to the family estates, I should probably have been as good a Conservative as you are."

If politicians flit across the pages, so do novelists, poets, Oxford dignitaries, painters, the Æsthetes, and clergymen. We may read of Lady Blessington and Soyer, of Millais and Evans's Supper Rooms, of Liston and Charles Reade, of Arthur Sullivan and Whistler and Millais, and of scores of others who have made good in one sphere or another.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

FRAGRANT MEMORIES.*

"He was out of his time and place in the nineteenth and twentieth century England. He belonged to a more romantic age. The spacious days would not have misbecome his charming personality, his gifts of imagination and poetry, his courtesy, his graciousness, his spirit and gaiety, his beautiful presence." So wrote Mrs. Tynan Hinkson of the subject of these Recognita in a delightful chapter in that most charming book, "The Middle Years," which was among the chief attractions of the publishing season of 1916. That chapter of less than seventeen pages must have greatly pleased many readers, have whetted their appetite for more, and urged them with anticipatory pleasure to Mr. Gatty's most welcome book with its beautiful tribute to the memory of his deceased friend whose unlooked-for death was "to all who knew him well, and to thousands who venerate him in Ireland and England, a heartrending shock." With him Mr. Gatty had been on the most intimate and affectionate terms for a period of over twenty years. As the title denotes the book is not a set biography, but a jotting down, as they came naturally into the writer's mind, of those thoughts which recalled the happy hours spent together by these friends in discussing the various topics which filled their minds—literature and especially, though not exclusively, all matters concerning their favourite author, Shakespeare. When first composed, these recollections took the form of an extended letter, which was printed for circulation among the friends of the family, and found such favour that "the family have consented to allow it to be made public without material alteration." This was a wise decision, and one which will be greatly appreciated by all those readers to whom such a work especially appeals. Mr. Wyndham was for some years the Irish Secretary under Mr. Balfour's administration, and he was in that capacity instrumental in the placing of the Irish Land Bill upon the statutes. Mr. Gatty, however, deals but briefly with his friend's public life, his object being to present him in the light of his other interests—literature and art, and all those which were closely connected with his position as a landed proprietor. Literature, however, held a prominent if not the principal place of honour. Mr. Wyndham's edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets is well known, and shows the thoroughness which was so marked a feature of his scholarship. Many were the discussions of the two friends on this fascinating subject in Mr. Wyndham's beautiful homes at Clouds, near Salisbury, and Saighton, just out of Chester. Archæology was another favourite pursuit in which he showed that unbounded enthusiasm which was so characteristic of whatever occupied his mind. The composition of poetry was another unfailing source of pleasure, and in this he showed such promise of future achievement, that it is greatly to be regretted that he was unable, on account of his participation in political affairs, to devote more time to it. In this connection Mr. Gatty writes thus:

"Long ago I wanted him to abandon politics and give his life to literature. Loyalties held him, and I could not press it. Last year he reminded me of my wish—he had begun to think of it—Clouds, farming, literature and archæology."

Mr. Wyndham's entire devotion to his young son Percy, who was killed in action in France not long after his father's death, shines forth most beautifully in his letter giving the details of a very serious accident which befell the boy while out with the hounds, and his subsequent sufferings. Mr. Gatty is to be congratulated and thanked for his loving portrayal of a beautiful and charming personality. His treasured memories might not inappropriately have had as their motto the beautiful lines of one of Mr. Arthur Symons' poems, not to be forgotten when once read:

"As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you remaining
Deeply folded in my brain
Will not leave me."

Such was the effect on his surviving friend's mind when to the sessions of sweet silent thought he summoned up the remembrance of his lost friend, and a somewhat similar effect will remain with the readers of this beautiful book.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

* "George Wyndham: Recognita." By Charles T. Gatty. 7s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

THE OTHER THING.*

Such books as these are more than pleasing and comforting, for they contradict justifiably the frequent assertion that the English short story is a lost chapter of art. Such form, indeed, has too often been the drab Cinderella of authorship, a mere prose padding to any old series of magazine-pictures, drivel illustrating a daub; but, as here we see, Cinderella has also her shining moments, and wears the crystal shoes of inspiration and dream. By one of those coincidences that prove the true editor to be an aspect of omniscience, these books are mutually sympathetic. Both make some play with the realities intangible and invisible. They treat of what Mr. Beresford calls the Other Thing, which is as actual as any expression of truth, though not to be apprehended through the tests of yard-measure and scales.

If we treat first with Captain Warre Cornish's "Beneath the Surface," it is only for the reason that his book can be the sole example of his work. Its author was killed eighteen months ago during the main advance on the Somme, and it is impossible not to feel deeply that the hand that wrought these stories might have achieved much. His most ambitious effort, which provides the book with its title, shows the greatest lapse between the aim and its realisation, but had Captain Warre Cornish lived to work over this story of the search for and finding, by a Danish explorer driven by "the ultimate energy," of the actual Garden of Eden, with its sole relic of the tree of life, a quivering flame, there would have been every probability of his making it successful, for the theme is an alluring one, and calls to the powers. Mr. Beresford in the preface to

* "Nineteen Impressions." By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"Beneath the Surface." By Gerald Warre Cornish. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

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his "Nineteen Impressions" declares that definition is destructive "of a vision of the other thing"; but that we are disposed to deny. Not definition or vagueness is the influence that determines success or non-success in these immaterial adventures; it is technique that makes the master all the time. Sometimes definition, sometimes suggestion of the vaguest is the right and proper note to use: it is the instinct, the genius, of the writer that determines which. For that reason, Captain Warre Cornish failed in his boldest attempt; but his success in the earlier tales, won through keen and sympathetic observation, faithfully translated and skilfully expressed, shows that he was achieving mastership in his craft and in time might have accomplished the best. It is one more of the infinite sacrifices that have made this war damnable. Such powers are not to be recaptured. The largesse of the gods scattered among men is only to be handled by the chosen, and they too often have been destroyed in the brutal havoc.

Fortunately Mr. Beresford is with us; and by his boldness of vision, his worshipful care of craftsmanship, his eye to character (there is no one more unobtrusively observant) and finished style, is making headway to the front rank of novelists. These "Nineteen Impressions" treat as many experiences in the ways that are spiritual, and whether trivial in scope or serious—they are never excessively serious—are realised with a confidence and delicacy of touch that brings triumph. He does not strain after effect, he does not strive to thrill, there is no pandering to mere emotionalism, with the result that every Impression, however impossible in crude outline it might appear, is sufficiently convincing. Probably the cleverest is "The Little Town" with its suggestion of the divine workman up in the flats manœuvring his mannikins. Mr. Beresford was certainly wise to decline to answer the mouths that asked for the meaning of his mystery: as if any plain answer in such condition matters. The riddle of the Sphinx, be sure, would be of no more interest than the secrets of Masonry if we could rede it. "The Contemporaries" is a happily realised trifle; but it is futile to particularise. To every one his *goût*. The book is stimulating and enjoyable—it can be left at that. It is the work of a courageous man, illustrated a little by two passing phrases: "The mellow trumpet of a distant bell" and "Such solid fantasy as the various homonculi we call fairies." With those expressions in mind we predict that Mr. Beresford will yet write a fairy-tale in which the bells shall ring as trumpets.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE GRAIL AND VENUSBERG.*

The real message of the careful and interesting book which gives me this title has been missed in those notices that have come into my hands, and there is little need to say that it has not entered into the author's heart. His thesis is that the mythos of the Holy Grail degenerated from a sacred and wonderful Eucharistic mystery, illuminating the traditional history of a Passion-relic spiritualised and fenced about with ritual of a super-sacramental kind—as of a secret Mass—into another legend, which is that of a "heathen earthly paradise" and a symbol of "forbidden delights." In a word, it fell from heaven like Lucifer to the underworld of that Venusberg legend which is known to all of us in connection with Tannhäuser. Professor Barto gives the history of the degeneration, though he does not call it precisely by this name, nor use such words as mine in speaking of the Grail on its Eucharistic side. What he does say is that ecclesiastical hostility and popular attraction towards certain sensuous elements brought in by Wolfram's "Parzival" and Scharfenberg's "Titurel" made it fall rapidly "to a significance purely carnal." The theme is developed clearly and a full bibliography of almost exclusively German works will enable those who are concerned to verify all points. I think that Professor Barto has proved those points, and my own thesis concerning them can be put in a few words. It is the German Grail and no other which "fell" into the Venusberg, its paradise of unholy joys, gateship and mouth of hell. There is the Church Mystic of the high Kingdom of God and there is that which to all intents and purposes is one of perdition, a "synagogue of Satan." The Tannhäuser who came out of the Venusberg broken, sated and old, to look in a waterless desert vainly for wells of life, is—notwithstanding the pity of his story—a living image of the *ecclesia damnata*, its wages of sin and death. His is the *legenda contrascripta* to that of Galahad the high prince, who found the good things of the Lord and their secret wonder on his way to a land of the living. So also the German Arthur, hidden in the German *gral*, is not the blessed king who is being healed of his wounds in the Isle of Apples. The "Morte D'Arthur," the "Quest of Galahad," and the "High History" in the French cycle are things chronicled for "the truest and the holiest" in this world. But over against them are the "Parzival" of Wolfram, with its "extra-ecclesiastic divine worship in rivalry with that of the established Church" and its service of beautiful women; the "Titurel," with its house of free love; and finally the hold of Venus, "where Venus is in the *gral*"—that is to say, in the Germanic paradise, a place of magic and "great sensual pleasures with unclean spirits." This is how a sacred legend has deteriorated in Teutonic hands, and there is no question that it began the downward course in Wolfram's beautiful poem, where it is divorced from the sacramental side of the story. It seems to me that at this day the fact of this devolution is not without its significance.

A. E. WAITE.

* "Tannhäuser and the Mountain of Venus." By Philip Stephen Barto. 5s. net. (Oxford University Press.)

FEELING AND WORDS.

Many vulgar witticisms, or playful spurts of grossness, have been aimed at the poetic impulse which urges young people with or without adequate skill into song, but if it were not for this impulse the harsh and ugly sounds appropriate to competition for the prizes of Mammon would be greatly multiplied. Hence though nothing has less right to offer itself as value for money than tedious exercises in prosody, and though intentional comedy is usually more amusing than the blunders of poetasters, it is advisable to approach the least promising poetry in a fraternal mood.

It may be said at once that brotherliness to the poet is not an unremunerative affection, in the case of a reader occupying himself with at least the last four of the volumes now under notice. It prevents one from confounding crudity with incompetence, imitativeness with poverty of mind and obscurity with craziness.

"Georgian Poetry"[1] is, however, a volume in which unmistakable triumphs of workmanship and invention are sufficiently conspicuous to preclude any need for tenderness on the part of the approaching reader towards the majority of the "Georgians" concerned in his opinion.

Eighteen poets are represented, of whom the most eccentric, Mr. I. Rosenberg, affects one like the voice of an "overman" at the irregular end of a banquet, when the sense of the audience is mainly under the table and that of the orator only intermittently in communication with his tongue. Yet Mr. Rosenberg, thanks to phrases precious to a jaded ear, stimulates an appetite for more news of a being who

> "... will ride the dizzy beast of the world
> My road—my way!"

The war, that truculent surgeon for "swelled heads," inspires several poems of much merit in this green volume. The uneasiness and uncertainty of the warrior who is literary and analytical, his inability from the variety of his thoughts to be red as well as see it, are well expressed or suggested by those who experienced war before they

[1] "Georgian Poetry, 1916–1917." 4s. net. (The Poetry Bookshop.)

sang it. Captain Robert Graves's poem, depicting the visions of a sick fighter, is quite a masterpiece, combining, as it excellently does, a story, or rather snatches of story, pathetically intimate and individual, with effective rhythms. After giving two examples of the contrast between reality on the material plane and dream life, his warrior says :

" . . . you'll be dozing safe in your dug-out—
A great roar—the trench shakes and falls about—
You're struggling, gasping, struggling, then . . . hullo!
Elsie comes tripping gaily down the trench,
Hanky to nose—that lyddite makes a stench—
Getting her pinafore all over grime.
Funny! because she died ten years ago!
It's a queer time."

If, of course, one requires poetry to be a something so exquisite that handkerchiefs for the nose cannot possibly be noticed by the Muse, we must shake our head sadly over Captain Graves as Alfred Austin shook his over Robert Browning.

Though Georgian poetry, as sampled in this collection, does not disclose new ideas of verbal melody, it gives one a pleasant consciousness of new life thrilled by novel themes. Several years ago I expressed surprise that poets showed themselves so indifferent to the loveliness which in England requires the artificial climate of the conservatory. Mr. W. J. Turner in his " Magic " enters the vitreous home of tropical flora, seeing it with eyes woefully instructed by death and gloom, but in a manner enabling him to convey the charm of strange beauty to his solemn singing.

Five other " Georgian " poets of real distinction are Messrs. Harold Munro, James Stephens, Robert Nichol, Siegfried Sassoon and J. C. Squire. When I say distinction I do not mean what school examiners mean when a candidate enters their room undistinguished and leaves it " with distinction." I mean that each of these poets makes his mark on the mind of an examiner who does not issue certificates. Mr. Munro, in his " Every Thing " and in his poem about the wonderfulness of earth becoming the visible men who walk it, succeeds in making life seem more romantic for five minutes—a fine feat, surely! Mr. Stephens, an inspired child and eerie humorist, Messrs. Nichol and Sassoon, revealers of the ecstasy, anxiety, irony and friendship of war time, and Mr. Squire, with his perception, through contemplation of an ugly house, of the heroic dignity belonging to every work of art and craft which man erects in face of the unfathomable future—all these poets are distinguished because one feels them vital, not by the sight of them in a list or on superior seats, but because they cause a glow in people distant from them.

Mr. Drinkwater's " Tides "[2] is in the main so fresh and sweet that its most irritating movements (of which the laboured obeisances before that rare artist, Mrs. Alice Meynell, are the worst) are condoned. He is a poet of the country, and one divines that his wish is to express beauty very clearly, and to philosophise very sincerely. He has the great merit of expressing beauty, and we need not concern ourselves about his philosophy.

Mr. Evan Morgan[3] is a writer who begets moods without imparting his whole meaning. It may confidently be said that any average writer, let alone reader, would be very fatigued if he was required to supply a lucid paraphrase of Mr. Morgan's most ambitious poems. He is mystical and misty. One can definitely say that his worst approaches rubbish, as, for instance, when he describes a planet as a frail child trembling on the brink of a flood of clouds. Poetic licence with him is a contrivance worthy of Procrustes.

" Bluer than Heaven, the raiment of my thoughts,"

avers Mr. Morgan, and there is truth in this, for blue is the colour of ideality, and there is no dearth of beautiful suggestiveness in his work which owes much to the Nature

[2] " Tides." By John Drinkwater. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
[3] " Gold and Ochre." By Evan Morgan. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

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outside towns who, in his peculiar phrase, excites the trees "to spurt forth glaucous ramage."

The Misses Larminie[4] appear in a series called "Adventurers All," but we fail to observe the experimental and truly adventurous element in their polished verses. The book begins, indeed, with some of that servile love which is appropriate to the old Hindu idea of women and which uttered itself so eloquently through Laurence Hope that we could afford to wait a long time before hearing it from another Western mouth. But Miss Margaret Larminie praises the power of words in lines which are treasurable in days when cannon seem the only thriving rhetoricians, and Miss Vera Larminie contributes an attractive poem on the power of a sublime edifice to redeem from dullness a country neglected by Nature.

Mr. Ellard Hughes[5] is a robust poet who accumulates art not only by the help of a serious Muse but by the exercise of facetiousness and a harmless sprite often called vulgarity. One of his poems, "Zaza," stands out from the rest, even from a pair of pretty love poems, by a grim force which arrests attention.

The beauty and weakness of much feminine art are felt and regretted by the reader of "Tree Poems,"[6] by Miss Ethel Mills. She is singularly indifferent to the mischievous effect of a faulty last line, and yet she has a sense of tune and is prettily impassioned by the green life of the woods. Her poetry has a botanical interest; it is definitely instructive, and it is a pity that it cannot be shown to Walter Savage Landor, whose criticism probed the inaccuracy of poetry in dealing with Nature.

W. H. CHESSON.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NOVELS.*

Mr. Stephen Gwynn pays Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels the compliment of estimating them by the highest standards that can be brought to any. If, in his honesty, he finds them fail at the test, he will say so; there is nothing else for him to do, except to withdraw from the task. Mr. Gwynn does, as a matter of fact, find them fail, and proceeds to the arbitrament, courteously of course, and respectfully, but with a somewhat unmitigated candour. It is a great merit of his little book, however, that in defending this outright judgment, it is illuminating about the standards for appraising novels in general, as well as about the place of those of one novelist in particular.

Mr. Gwynn says straightway, in his opening sentence, that the most remarkable thing about Mrs. Humphry Ward, as a writer, is the circulation of her books. Critical opinion, he seems to imply, is only concerned with them at all because of their popular vogue. By critical opinion he means, we take it, workshop opinion, to which he admits this vogue acts as a prejudice. Before "Robert Elsmere," the novel that "made her a personage and brought affluence as well," Mrs. Humphry Ward had written "Miss Bretherton," which may very well be forgotten, if ever it was known, by most of those familiar with "David Grieve," "The Marriage of William Ashe," and others coming after the favourite of her fortunes. Yet "Miss Bretherton" apparently (the present writer is not acquainted with it) has the superficial characteristics of her successes. It is associated with an actual person, the actress, Miss Mary Anderson. As Mr. Gwynn points out, Mrs. Ward has always insisted on the right to find in fact a starting-point for fiction; most novelists probably do develop such suggestions from life, but Mrs. Ward selects them from famous or notorious examples, and does not hesitate to reveal her sources. In "Lady Rose's Daughter" the choice of Julie le Breton's name is an acknowledgment that that character is to Lady Henry only what Julie de l'Espinasse was to Madame du Deffand. "The Marriage of William Ashe" was inspired from Byron's career, its Lady Kitty modernising the part of Lady Caroline Lamb, with Geoffrey Cliffe as the poet in a minor rôle, and William Lamb, Lord Melbourne, in the nominate hero's. Incidentally, as was possible through the story's later staging, Mr. Gladstone in old age was introduced into it. "Fenwick's Career," again, is the career of the painter Romney, watered down or melodramatised up in a rather incredible plot. If "Diana Mallory" is original in its story, the character of Sir James Chide, indicated by the author to show reflections of Lord Russell of Killowen, is not alone in recalling by suggestion notable figures in real life. There are other instances, and one of them, "Eltham House," illustrates the danger to fiction of intimacy with fact, which is the reason, we suppose, that Mr. Gwynn has not thought it necessary to mention it. "Miss Bretherton," then, had the advantage of Miss Mary Anderson's indirect association with its theme. The beautiful heroine's "case," moreover, admits of statement as an abstract intellectual formula, and she herself finds artistic salvation—that is, from a bad actress becomes a good—through contact with "persons of what is sometimes called the highest culture," and in particular an Oxford don. "Robert Elsmere" and its successors are all embodiments of abstractions, and they also, says Mr. Gwynn, assume the existence somewhere (at the top) of an exclusive society which is the touchstone of culture. The thesis of "Robert Elsmere," indeed, was first set forth in a pamphlet, "Unbelief and Sin"—issued, but withdrawn within a few hours because the Oxford bookseller's neglect to give the printer's name made its publication an illegal act—in which Mrs. Ward protested against an arraignment by Dr. John Wordsworth, in a Bampton Lecture, of certain of her friends as unsettlers in religion. It was from the two types of character, named merely A. and B., sketched in that pamphlet, that the novel developed in which Langham, Elsmere's sceptic squire, reflects the exterior or intellectual lineaments of Mark Pattison, R. L. Nettleship, and Amiel (whose "Journal" Mrs. Ward was meanwhile translating), while Elsmere's monitor, Grey, actually speaks some published words of Professor T. H. Green. Touching the other point—Miss Bretherton's access of artistry through coming within the ambit of a distinctive social circle of gathered, accumulated, and transmitted culture—Mr. Gwynn explains this obsession (as he calls it) with Mrs. Ward by saying that:

> "whether she knows it or not, her conception of the inner governing world of Great Britain is that of another Oxford—another aristocracy placed in surroundings which, of themselves, must impress and mould the mind. She is so much in love with ripe perfection that she cannot contemplate happily any group of people not so provided—with the single exception of her dale's folk."

How came it that "Robert Elsmere" won such a blazing success, while the earlier "Miss Bretherton," with the same superficial characteristics as it, made no particular stir? The former book interested people of high intellectual distinction, witness Gladstone's *Nineteenth Century* review of it and the discussions to which she replied in the same magazine, with "The New Reformation." Conceivably this high interest, no less than popular favour, may prejudice the critics represented by Mr. Gwynn, but it certainly widens the range of the approval which they have to persuade us possesses no particular sanction. "Robert Elsmere" had life, if no atmosphere to speak of, whereas, according to Mr. Gwynn, "Miss Bretherton" had neither. But later books had more of both than had "Robert Elsmere," yet stimulated, we fancy, no such intellectual and popular favour. Mr. Gwynn "plumps" for "Helbeck of Bannisdale" as Mrs. Ward's best novel and has a very good case in the roundness and completeness of its design, of which the memory retains a distinct impression of its being "all of a piece" even when the several pieces have escaped us. Our own choice, however, would be "Eleanor"—possibly because its figures are in some sort aliens in Mrs. Ward's circle of the initiated. But "Helbeck," one can believe, and "Eleanor," it is certain,

[4] "Out of the East, and Other Poems." By Vera Larminie and Margaret Rivers Larminie. 2s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

[5] "The Poems of Ellard Hughes." 2s. net. (Bristol: Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall.)

[6] "Tree Poems, and Other Verses." By Ethel M. Mills. 1s. 6d. net. (Fifield.)

* "Mrs. Humphry Ward." By Stephen Gwynn. ("Writers of the Day" series.) 1s. 3d. net. (Nisbet.)

could never have brought the author a following, from top or bottom, and the simplest explanations for "Robert Elsmere" doing so seem to be that it appeared at a moment when its particular range of ideas was ready for popularising among people to whom it was foreign, and, still more, because that range is one within which large classes, unknown to Mrs. Ward, are accustomed to find a permanent mental and spiritual habitation. Mr. Gwynn's analytical estimate associates with each novel the many and various excellences Mrs. Ward's work displays—scholarly dignity, political instinct, strong landscape sense, good citizenship, and much more. His criticism of them is that all of them though in varying degrees are more concerned with some "range of ideas" than with individual men and women, in mutual relations, at war with their senses and their emotions within it; that, in fact, their author is more of a publicist than an artist, and has not learned to subordinate the accidental to the essential interests of her craft. That, we must agree, is truly, if roundly stated; but there will always be a difference of opinion as to which are the essential and which the accidental elements in fiction, whose practitioners have won for themselves a prescriptive right to neglect artistry.

D. S. MELDRUM.

THE ENGLISH SONNET.*

Few will be disposed to dispute Mr. Crosland's ability to describe the technique of the sonnet or to criticise the great army of English sonneteers; and few, it may be, will envy him his task. In a prefatory note to "The English Sonnet" Mr. Crosland says:

"The main theory of the sonnet set forward in the first sections of this book has not before been propounded. The theory as to the true origin of the sonnets of Shakespeare is also new. The sonnets printed on separate pages in Book II. are the finest in the language."

Mr. Crosland is nothing if not positive. Nevertheless, I venture to say that the theories referred to are not altogether new, although they may not before have been set forth in the same authoritative terms. That the sonnets on separate pages are *among* the finest in our language is the most that can reasonably be claimed.

The canon of the modern sonnet is set forth in twenty-one articles which deal with every point in succession even to the condemnation of weak words and disallowable rhymes. The sonneteers criticised, or set down as examples, include Thomas Wyatt, Henry Howard, Philip Sidney, Michael Drayton, Edmund Spenser, William Shakespeare, John Milton, John Keats and William Wordsworth. It is both instructive and refreshing to note that while Mr. Crosland specifies the framework of the sonnet most minutely and shows how it should be knit together with strong and comely materials he acknowledges that there is not a single one of all the sonneteers who has not transgressed one or other of the structural rules. Not only so, but it might almost be inferred that, the greater the sonneteer, the greater the sinner. The truth is, the perfect sonnet has yet to be written, and will probably remain unwritten. The highest expression of poetry fails somewhere to reflect the conception of the poet in its completeness, and this must especially be so when perfect expression is desired over all the fourteen lines of a sonnet to the prescribed Petrarcan formula—hence the ever-recurring defiance of expression to specification. And it is well that it should be so, for poetry, and the highest poetry at that, cannot be governed by rule and line any more than sunrise and sunset can conform to mathematical laws or the fringe of every cloud and cloudlet be developed to the same pattern.

It is not intended to convey the idea that Mr. Crosland thinks form is everything, but he rightly insists that where the sonnet form is attempted the law of the sonnet should, in the main, be complied with. The quotations given are certainly of the best. Among these is Michael Drayton's "Love Parting," which is an example of the Shakespearean

* "The English Sonnet." By T. W. H. Crosland. 10s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

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XUM

style, and, as being probably the best sonnet of its time, is given here:

"Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part;
Nay, I have done: You get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly, I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of Death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From Death to Life, thou might'st him yet recover."

Of the "contemporary sonnet" three examples are given. "One is by a late poet laureate, and villainously rhymed." Another, by George Meredith, sins in having "a close rhyme in the sestet." The third, by Mrs. Meynell, has sundry other shortcomings. It is difficult to understand why the modern poem in sonnet form should not be equal to those of the Elizabethan or earlier days. Indeed, Mr. Crosland has himself shown that both in form and spirit it is so. On the fly leaf of the book there is a sonnet by himself to Rafael Sabatini, which for strength and elegance of structure, condensation of reflective thought and appealing imagery must be looked upon as a model:

"Out of old Italy, which was a flame,
A fragrance and a music, you have built
Empictured shrines of porphyry and of gilt,
Each of them lamped for damsel and for dame,
And for that Duke—the terrible of name—
Red as his bulls, or as the blood he spilt,
With Murder written on his jewelled hilt
And Glory laughing by the road he came.

"Princes and Popes and Doges are for you,
And all their wild, sweet women—steels that rust
And loves that perished. Now in love and awe
Let us remember one who loved most true,
And while the world flashed past him to the dust,
Set up, in Padua, his golden law."

Knowing Rafael Sabatini may emphasise one's bias, but I confess I would rather be rationed on this than on Drayton's "Love Parting." And this despite the weakness (or shall I say strength?) that makes Mr. Crosland sin just where he condemns Mrs. Meynell. He complains that she has "thee" four times in the octet of a sonnet which for excellence he places side by side with Drayton's "Love Parting" and yet he has "loves," "love" and "loved" all in two lines of his own sestet.

To my thinking no sonnet is pardonable that does not contain at least one strong, quotable line. Whether it occurs in the octet or the sestet matters but little, although no one will dispute that the closing lines of the sestet should, generally speaking, be the strongest. Here it is at the end of the octet, "Glory laughing by the road he came."

This book is a strong addition to sonnet literature. To the young poet who is inclined to use the framework of the sonnet as a setting for his thoughts it should be invaluable. To the more experienced as well, and even to the practised poet who has sonnets to write and can write them, Mr. Crosland's work must appeal. His promised volume on the sonneteers since Wordsworth will be looked forward to with considerable interest.

WILLIAM BLANE.

HAWARDEN LETTERS.*

This volume is in essence a series of letters addressed to Gladstone's daughter Mary, during the years 1878–1913. The correspondents include Ruskin, Browning, Burne-Jones, Lord Acton, A. J. Balfour, and other interesting or important persons. The collection, excellently and unobtrusively edited, makes a book of unusual charm as pure reading and of striking value as a foot-note to the intellectual history of a period. Its apparent formlessness is in complete keeping with the casual and unforced character of the correspondence, and its quick change of person and topic preserve the life and naturalness without which such printed letters would be "dead paper, mute and white." One striking lack should be noted at once. The book tells only half a story. Here are many delightful and admiring letters sent to Mary Gladstone by her distinguished friends; but where are Mary Gladstone's letters to them?

The best of the correspondents is Burne-Jones, whose letters, playful, pathetic, frank, courageous, and entirely human, may correct the impressions of those readers who think of him merely as the dweller in a wan and emaciated world of art. His description of Browning's funeral is a masterpiece of sane criticism. Fuller of matter are the weighty letters of Lord Acton, that superman of intellect, citizen of several countries, master of an astounding range of learning, observer of man's motive throughout the ages, discerner of the plan in the mighty maze of things, clearly called and chosen to write the awaited history of histories, the Natural History of Liberty. For this task he made preparation unparalleled—every possible preparation, save one: he allowed himself no time to write it. His famous list of the ninety-nine authors and authorities that every educated person should read is here in all its splendour. Gentle reader, how many of them have you read? How many of them will you ever read?

The pages of the volume give us some very characteristic glimpses of other folk—of the good Charlotte Yonge solemnly and dutifully advising Mrs. Drew what kind of literature her domestic servants ought to read; of Mr. A. J. Balfour standing at the top of his grand double staircase in perpetual despair through there being no discernible reason why he should go down one side rather than the other; of the same philosopher writing with lines an inch apart to allow for infinite changes of mind; of Henry Sidgwick noting in 1888 the appearance of a new author of queer but distinct force, his name G. Bernard Shaw, his book "Cashel Byron's Profession." Saddest of all things in the volume is the bundle of lovable letters from that brilliant and engaging politician, George Wyndham, butchered to make an Ulster holiday. Lest we seem to praise too much, we will add that certain other correspondents exhibit the rather stuffy "yearnestness" of their kind and time. The editors have done admirably. To them we can adapt the remark of Charles II. about Godolphin—they are never in the way and never out of the way. To all concerned, and especially to the "onlie begetter" of the letters, our sincere congratulations—and requests for more.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

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Taking the five that chance has grouped together on my

* "Lady Mary's Money." By G. B. Burgin. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)—"Green and Gay." By Lee Holt. 6s. (Lane.)—"Flames in the Wind." By Helen Hudson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Swirl." By Montie McGrigor. 6s. net. (John Long.)—"The Bag of Saffron." By Baroness von Hutten. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

desk it may be said that three of them would well compare in quality with the average of the old three-volumers—which are the three it would perhaps be invidious to emphasise.

Here is Mr. Burgin with a nicely complicated tale to tell, which he sets forth in that bright and ready narrative style which he long since taught us to look for in anything from his pen. It is a story concerning the tragedies that arose directly out of the disposition of Lady Mary's money, and the romance which the understanding reader knows followed close upon the return of Lord Walberswicke from the Continent—if the double tragedy of the closing page did not necessitate the postponement of that trip. Precisely how it was that the life of Lady Mary Walberswicke kept the ninth earl from his inheritance is not quite clear, but the reader is content to accept "a mysterious hocus-pocus of 'tail something or another'" for the sake of the story. Eleanor Castlehurst, niece and companion to Lady Mary, is the centre of the story, and to her is left the legacy of saving from himself the weak, handsome, self-indulgent Hilary Armitage. It was no good leaving money to that foolish spendthrift, so it was handed to Eleanor to be spent for his good—and hence many troubles. The villain of the piece, the idle, selfish, cynical, materialistic son of the Vicar, thinks he has deduced what has become of the money, and does not hesitate at thoughts of murder to attain his end, though the death is to be an "accidental" removal of a man who has lost his memory. The arranged "accident" has unanticipated results. That same somewhat unreal villain imparts an air of melodrama to the whole, but it is nevertheless a thoroughly entertaining and even absorbing story.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that in the five random novels which I am considering only one touches in any way upon the war, and that is "Green and Gay," by Lee Holt. I do not know whether the author of this story is a man or a woman (I am inclined to think the latter), but find it not without significance that the one book which deals with the theme which obsesses—or should obsess—us all is in certain respects the finest piece of literary work among our five. Thus far invidiousness must be permitted, for it is difficult to keep away from classificatory criticism when dealing with a series of books designed to a common end. There is something almost French in the ease and grace with which this story of well-behind-the-lines is rendered. It is centrally concerned with a wounded soldier who is taken in a German coat to a French convent-hospital with a batch of French wounded. This man, wounded in the head, is operated upon and recovers, but has lost his speech and his memory. He charms everybody who has anything to do with him at the convent-hospital, and more especially does he charm Jacqueline, the daughter of the delightful Marquise de Sarigny, who runs the military hospital at the Convent of Paix. Gauchard, one of the wounded "poilus," tries to get it believed that "Barbe Blonde," the afflicted one, is a hated Boche, but later, when a batch of convalescents are sent to Madame Sarigny's Normandy château, Barbe Blonde is able to prove that Gauchard is a German spy, and as the result of a strange experience to recover his memory and his speech. It is a sweet and human story.

In "Flames in the Wind," by Helen Hudson, is set forth something of the terrible experiences of Leichhardt, the German explorer who in 1847 set out to cross Australia from east to west and was never heard of again. The author of this story follows the fortunes of a small party that set out ostensibly to find Leichhardt, but really because the promoter of the party wanted to get rid of one of his companions that he might return and marry that companion's wife. Leichhardt, according to the story teller, might have been saved, but it would have spoiled Max Cable's plan, and how nearly that plan succeeded the story well indicates. The writer gives lively descriptions of journeyings in the Australian hinterland, and also of the natives, their ways and superstitions, and her story may be read with interest both for its vividly presented adventurous episodes and for its description of Australian scenery

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in days of early exploration. She somewhat overdoes the "local colour" in the way of giving names of plants and trees, and she considerably over-uses the word "flame."

Mr. Montie McGrigor is concerned with a young New Englander who has been sent to a convent school to get rid of the tomboyishness derived from her only brother. She is a surprising young person who does surprising things, and in the end "makes good" by marrying the right man who is rightly rich. Meanwhile she has aided and abetted at a love-making in and an elopement from the convent (an elopement at which the Mother Superior discreetly winked!) and has insisted upon accompanying the elopers. The title of the story, "The Swirl," fits it well; it is rather like a film romance rendered on the printed page.

It is romance, too, that is to be found in "The Bag of Saffron," but romance of a very different kind and a very different quality. In the New York story we are looking on at a series of happenings of which the heroine is the central figure, in Baroness von Hutten's story we are not so much looking on as living in the scenes presented. Here we follow the story of the unattractive child of a consumptive Bohemian father who is dumped on her two aunts in a Yorkshire dale, and there grows up to womanhood. She is something of a minx, the very frankness of whose selfishness is not without its charm. Resolved from the first that she will marry a man of wealth, she is tortured by finding herself in love with the grandson of a Yorkshire clergyman. One of her matrimonial plans comes to nought through the time-honoured slip of two letters put into wrong envelopes. However, she marries the man whom she loves only to go off later with the man of wealth to whom the scheming side of her character has been drawn—and then, by this surprising course, wins in time the right to wear if not the white flower of a blameless life that wondertul heirloom jewel, the bag of saffron of a good wife. It is a finely told story, full of careful character development and deeply interesting.

WALTER JERROLD.

SCOTLAND YET.*

In these days when every one is a student of war it may be said that out of the wreckage of our old beliefs and accepted faiths has emerged one solid truth—that in defence of a good cause the bravery of one man, or one regiment, or one army is only equalled by the bravery of another. The war has brought with it few compensations but it has established as never before the splendour of the ordinary man. It has ceased to be possible to distinguish and select, and left instead only the faculty for wonder. It was because any other attitude should be discouraged that certain words in Sir Herbert Maxwell's eminently learned and instructive introduction to his new book struck one as retrogressive and unwelcome. It is his complaint that the Highland regiments are more pleasing to the public eye than his own gallant Lowlanders. That may or may not be true—it depends so greatly on the kind of satisfaction inspired and the importance that should be attached to it. Without desiring to reflect in any way upon our incomparable kilted regiments I would hazard that the tourist to Edinburgh Castle—another delicate point with the Editor—would surrender a sight of the whole Highland Brigade for a march past of Dancing Dervishes accompanied by camels.

But Sir Herbert Maxwell goes farther. He would take the breeks off the Lowlander and thrust him into a kilt, apparently forgetting that the Lowlander has suffered very greatly in the past from gentlemen wearing kilts, and has no desire to change his attire. Moreover, he happens to be proud of his race and its traditions.

For as the reader fully realises Sir Herbert Maxwell is referring to regiments as distinguished, as proud, and of older history than any in Scotland. This volume, ably edited in separate regimental chapters by various former officers of the corps, relates the leading features in their foundation and battle honours. The Royal Scots, for instance, Major Haldane reminds us in his competent chapter, inherited "the traditions and honours of several ancient bodies of Scottish troops which acquired in the service of France, Sweden and other states a renown for valour, endurance, and all other military virtues that has rarely been equalled and never surpassed. . . . It presents in itself an epitome of the history of Western Europe from the fifteenth century onwards."

No regiment in the British Army is higher in popular respect and admiration than the Scots Guards, the famous corps that met and defeated the crack infantry of Louis, Napoleon and the Kaiser, and once again at Festubert as at Flodden fell to the last man. The tradition of these Lowland Regiments is very precious to them, and it is not without significance to recall that in 1914 the Colonel of the Royal Scots Fusiliers halted the battalion on the road to Mons, and reminded the men of the gallant deeds of their predecessors upon that field in the year 1708. Nor in these days when British infantry has been called upon to withstand the overwhelming crash of innumerable odds should it be forgotten that long years ago the Army fought to a standstill and that the King's Own Scottish Borderers—the undaunted K.O.S.B's.—were in 1759 one of "the famous six British regiments which received and repulsed charge after charge of sixty squadrons of the best cavalry of France, routed two brigades of French infantry, and swept away a body of Saxon foot—all this under a heavy cross-fire of artillery." Well might Prince Ferdinand, upon visiting the spot some years later, say, "It was here the British infantry gained immortal glory."

It would appear to one, however, after reading the moving chronicles of the Lowland regiments that the Cameronians embody in their past and in the present the spirit of the Covenant which was and is so inherently Scottish. Mr. Andrew Ross in his well-informed chapter on the history of the regiment, notes that "an interesting custom is still observed in the Cameronian Regiment derived from the troublous times when the persecuted Covenanters had to observe precautions against being surprised by the forces of the Government when attending a hill preaching or conventicle. Whenever the regiment is in camp or billets the men parade for divine service with their rifles, and usually five rounds of ball cartridge. A picket is sent out and sentries are posted, and not until the officer in charge of the picket reports 'All Clear' does the officer commanding the parade inform the clergyman that he may proceed with the service."

Symbolism such as that is the true, imperishable tradition of the Lowlands, a trust of steadfast courage and faith in the face of overwhelming disaster which, bequeathed by an undefeated ancestry, is marching through the night of war to meet its destiny.

FREDERICK WATSON.

* "The Lowland Scots Regiments." Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. 21s. net. (Maclehose & Sons.)

THE SUNNY SIDE OF EDUCATION.*

More than anyone else Dr. Montessori has justified her great countryman Vittorino da Feltre in his attractive title for his school—"The House of Joy." Her "Children's Houses" have been for long recognised as eminently cheerful places, but many people had their doubts about what would take place when the children reached the stage at which they have to face the repellent subjects that form the curriculum of the ordinary elementary school. It is with much interest, therefore, that teachers turn to this second part of the "Advanced Montessori Method," to see how the inevitable difficulties have been faced. The first part was somewhat disappointing, since it did not really carry us any farther than the earlier books, though it claimed to be specially applicable to children between the ages of seven

* "The Advanced Montessori System." Part II.: "The Montessori Elementary Material." By Maria Montessori. 12s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

and eleven. The present part, however, really does face the problem by dealing with the teaching of all the ordinary subjects of an elementary school. So far from confessing to any dullness in the application of her method to children of the ages specified, Dr. Montessori claims that she has found her method full of interest to her pupils. It is charming to hear of pupils passing "delightful half-hours of joyous laughter over their exercises in grammar": it is cheering to learn that under this system the pupils "will be able to do the most difficult division by the ordinary processes without experiencing any fatigue, or without having been obliged to endure tiring progressive lessons and humiliating corrections": but the plain teacher will feel that there is something almost indecent in telling us that in the Montessori school there was "a small uprising" by the pupils who were so keenly interested in the material for making multiplication tables that they insisted on being allowed to carry them home with them. Probably it would have been wiser not to publish the argument used by "one older girl" who was the ringleader of the rebellion: "The Dottoressa wants to try an experiment with us. Well, let's tell her that unless she gives us the material for the multiplication table we won't come to school any more." Whatever may be thought of this sidelight from the moral standpoint, it cannot be denied that it proves the attractiveness of the presentation of the facts of arithmetic. Not many teachers can instil a lust for the multiplication table.

Yet when one examines in detail the methods described one finds very little that is really fresh. The use of colour in the teaching of grammar is very far from being a new thing, and the dramatic method of putting grammatical problems has been very often applied before. In fact, in reading Dr. Montessori's ingenious accounts of how she roused a living interest in the dead facts of grammar, one is carried back to the methods familiar to the assistants of David Stow. Mr. Holmes' Egeria would find nothing new in the educational applications of the dramatic art. Even the idea of "intuitive explosions," on which much stress is laid, has been dealt with before, though under the less striking title of "mental conversion." Readers of the section on arithmetic will feel themselves on very familiar ground. All the variations of the abacus and the bead chain with its complications, will appeal to the progressive teacher who will approve of most of the suggestions, not because they are new, but because they are good. The material and methods of teaching geometry are valuable in exactly the same way. Teachers of reading will welcome the analysis that shows that "reading aloud is a combination of two distinct operations, of two 'languages.'" But they will regret that Dr. Montessori has not in her treatment of the physiological mechanics of reading aloud dealt with the very important problem of what is technically known as "silent reading." No doubt her exposition of "interpretative" reading suggests the difficulties involved, but it does not meet them.

The great value of Dr. Montessori's present contribution is that it organises a great deal of excellent school practice under a unified scheme. One cannot but admire the ingenuity with which the author correlates the most disparate elements under her system of freedom. One welcomes, too, the gradual acceptance of the collective activity of the children as part of a system that certainly began by neglecting deliberate mass work. Dr. Montessori deserves well of the profession of teaching by her brilliant advocacy. She has, from her scientific standing and her recognised rank as a medical doctor, obtained the ear of the public for theories and methods that would otherwise have attracted little attention. Even those who have anticipated some of her methods ought to be grateful for her support.

The book suffers from the complication of being an American translation of an Italian text. Some of the original matter is of little use to English readers, since it depends upon the nature of the Italian language. This applies specially to the chapters on Grammar and Metrics. But the translator, Professor Livingston, has been quite

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JOHN ADAMS.

Novel Notes.

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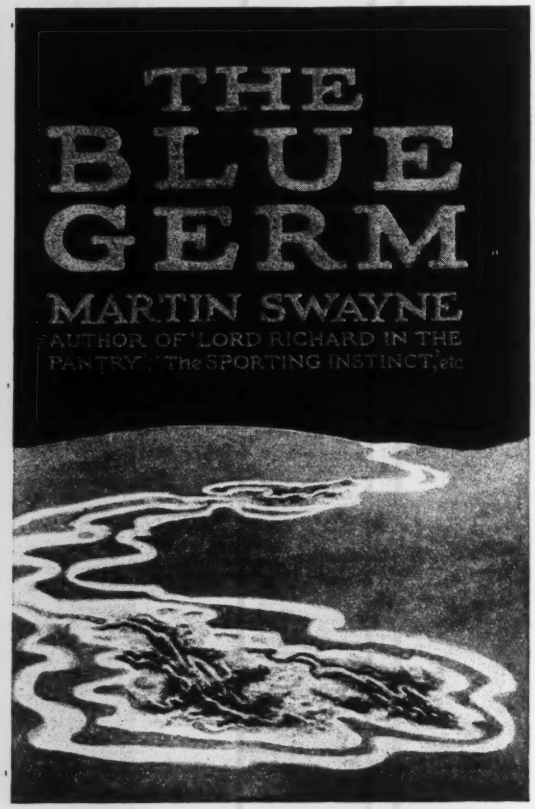
This is a picturesque and robust story of an arduous courtship in the lumber-woods of Canada. Thanks to his father's sins and the intrigues of a rascally whisky pedlar, Archie MacElroy's love-making with Jess of the River is punctuated by hard knocks rather than by soft words. At the time the story opens MacElroy is engaged in bringing a big drive of logs down the Blue Bend River. The logs get jammed, and while making a plucky attempt to release the block Jess gets her first introduction to MacElroy—under water! The author is writing of his own country, and the life of the log-drivers is depicted with vivid and refreshing realism. With its unconventional setting and its delightfully unconventional heroine, "Jess of the River" belongs to the spirited literature of the back-woods, and is sure to appeal to all lovers of a well told romance of love and adventure.

MR. MANLEY. By G. I. Witham. 6s. (John Lane.)

Every one who likes a story with a mystery should get "Mr. Manley." The author has an easy style and is always interesting. The story concerns Maude Fielding who, at the age of twenty-two, goes up to Derbyshire to meet for the first time her guardian, Miss Katharine Bolton. Everything about Miss Bolton, her appearance, her manner, her home and way of living, arouses immediate curiosity; an atmosphere of mystery surrounds Maude from the moment she comes under Miss Bolton's roof. Later, as the mystery develops, an ugly whisper reaches Maude—the word "murder" being connected with her guardian's name. How the mystery is solved and what part "Mr. Manley" plays in the solving of it is told in a way that will keep the reader thoroughly engrossed till the story's end.



Wrapper Design.
From "The Blue Germ," a new novel by Martin Swayne, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

THE LION AND THE ADDER. By Leigh Thompson. 5s. net. (Mills & Boon.)

So long as the real stuff of romance consists in 90 per cent. of trial or suspense and a final 10 per cent. of happiness, so long will there be a perpetual fascination for the novelist in the reluctant and chequered reconciliation of two races. We have often thought we could see the day coming when South Africa will lead the way in a certain vein of passionate romance, because racial antagonisms there are deeper than they are in any other part of the British dominions, the background and colour are richer in effect, and the scope for adventure and physical hardship second to none. Mrs. Leigh Thompson (for a close reading leaves us in no doubt as to her sex) has mastered all these elements. She finds nearly all the emotions, good and bad, within the Boer character; she has had the tact to plant the worst of them in a Germanised half-breed; and she has perceived the rich occasion underlying the De Wet rebellion and its suppression at the outset of this war. If anything, she has been too frank in the preface where she avows indebtedness to a certain blue-book, inasmuch as the little she has borrowed is as nothing compared with the real material and issues of her story. It plants a young Englishman in the heart of up-country Afrikanderdom, where he can utilise a circumstantial imprisonment by studying his hosts and conquering their prejudices. His handling of the hapless paralytic girl, his love-making to Nonnie, her brave and healthy-minded friend, and his self-extrication when the rebellion breaks out, make a strong progression of interest landmarked by vivid passages of native description and conflicts of genuine emotion. The book shows a steady and confident advance upon the author's previous romance, "Fate's High Chancery," as well as a surer grasp of character and situation, and a broader survey of her horizon and her art. It is not hard to foresee the day when, if this improvement continues, she need have no superior in this difficult and honourable field.

LONG LIVE THE KING. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

A capital story, told in a humorous and sympathetic manner which places it far ahead of most romances of its kind. The story concerns the Crown Prince of Livonia, a small boy of ten years of age, and the Court and country over which one day he is to rule. Plots and counterplots—a princess who falls in love with a man of lower rank than herself—a mysterious committee of Terrorists who meet in secret and plot the downfall of the Royal House—a little American boy whose father owns a scenic railway (on which the Crown Prince manages to have a secret joy ride)—a revolution that is averted at the eleventh hour—this is some of the material out of which Miss Rinehart weaves her romantic story. It is so well done that even the most democratic of us should be able to admire it and read it with much enjoyment.

NEVERTHELESS. By Olive Wadsley. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

One is disposed to think at the commencement of the story that John Tennent is selfish, intolerant and unsympathetic—an impression that is not modified at the end of the last chapter. When his mother discloses her life's secret to him, throwing herself on his generosity and voicing the intention of going to marry the man who is his father, he is hurt and angry to learn of her sin and cannot forgive her. Fate deals him one blow after another, and he rails against it bitterly, though perhaps its weapon is no more than his own egoism. Everything tends to add to his resentment against life and his fellow-men, until he comes

under the influence of a beautiful widow, who brings him the happiness he has failed to find in love or politics. She too, even as his mother had done, sacrifices much for his sake—that his future shall not be shackled through his infatuation for her. If we feel but little sympathy with him, it is because he takes so much—all the best two women have to give—and returns so little; yet in spite of, or because of this, his story is a striking and uncommonly interesting one.

THE FORTUNE. By Douglas Goldring. 5s. net. (Maunsel.)

This is the work of an "intellectual"; and an inverted-comma "intellectual" seems to be a person of intellect but of no humour. If Mr. Goldring had at least a sense of humour many of these pages would not have been written, and certainly he would have taken the ineffable James at something nearer his true standard; for this prig and crank—"incredibly brilliant," though he never says a witty thing—is lauded all the way through as a sort of unfailing prophet. Reading his views on European politics and the rights and wrongs of the war—how England ought to have been the ally of Germany and not of France, "our francophilism" being "all a pose," and the rest of it—one is tempted to believe that Mr. Goldring has been attempting satire; but, alas, that cannot be. His preface and the final pages prove he has all the seriousness of those incapable of humour. The book has certainly the quality of pains taken, and some literary skill. Had the author's powers of observation been truer; had he been less easily influenced by the views of cranks whose outlook on life is prejudiced through intellectual biliousness, the result of his efforts might have been moving and convincing; but the story does not ring true, the people are hectic, their actions and opinions are cramped, and—the most effective of tests—neither Harold, nor his wife, nor any of those who are meant to be sympathetic characters, win the heart.

The Bookman's Table.

UNPOSTED LETTERS. By Frank Morgan. 6s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

If we posted to each other such nakedly frank letters as these it is quite certain that most of us would never speak to each other again. There are two in which an Italian musician tells a German musician, his friend, some home truths concerning German music, but the German in his reply puts up a pretty strong defence and says particularly cutting things about the Italians. And Mr. Morgan's correspondents are as drastic and as devastating when they are English men and women writing of art, education, business, temperance, religion, marriage, and the general social and public life of our own island. The candid confessions of Sir Reginald Farnham, Bart., to Sir Frederick Bantock, R.A., of how he has deliberately prostituted his artistic gifts to the making of money and the winning of a title might have been written by more than one artist we could name, and Bantock's cheerily cynical response only serves to dot the i's and cross the t's of his friend's assertions. But it is when he comes to deal with woman and love and marriage that Mr. Morgan's imaginary letter-writers are most merciless. A father writes to his son who is about to marry; a father, then a mother to a daughter on the eve of the same event; a bachelor writes to his friend who has recently become engaged; a wife to a husband and a husband to a wife after twenty-five years of married life; and the opinions they all express of women and men and marriage are, to say the least, unflattering, yet there is a good deal in them that it is difficult for any but a confirmed hypocrite to deny. Read what is said of religion and the Church by the Rev. John Saunders; the hints to fathers by one; the fierce denunciation of conventional respectabilities and moralities in the letter of a minx of seventeen to her parents—read any of the letters,

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XUM

and you will find they say much that we never do say to one another, though we should if we had the courage to utter our thoughts. Mr. Morgan is out to shoot folly as it flies and humbug as it crawls, and he does it with so much wit and humour and a satire at once so shrewd and genial that he keeps you amused at your own stupidities—or those of your neighbours—even when he makes you feel most acutely how insincere and how stupid they are and how thoroughly everybody ought to be ashamed of them. The cleverness of the book is undeniable, but, unfortunately, so is the truthfulness of it. If our reformers gave it away broadcast it would do more good than multitudes of tracts, because it is so sinfully entertaining that we should read it.

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"Despise not clouds and shadows,
For out of these comes light;
Nor scars: the crown of conquest
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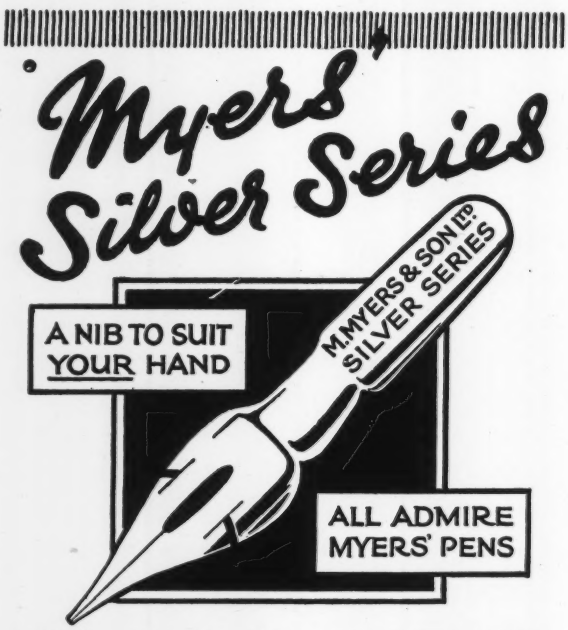

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THE VICTIMS' RETURN.

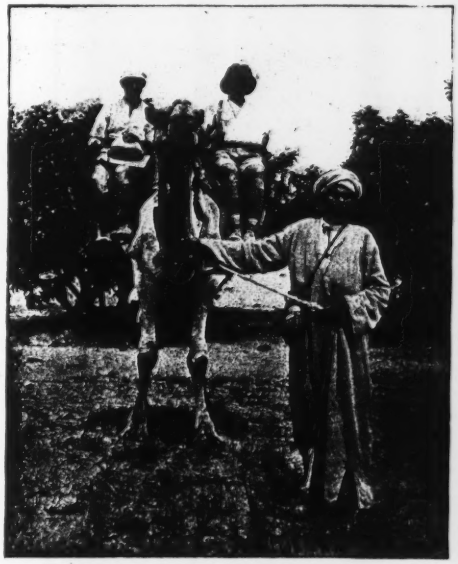
By Noëlle Roger. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Amid the library of books that have been written on the war we shall not place upon an inaccessible shelf this account of the return, through Switzerland, of those whom the Germans captured in the occupied territories of France. Mademoiselle Roger was one of the devoted band of workers who at Schaffhausen, Zurich, Geneva, and elsewhere, ministered to these poor victims; her book is unpretentious, but nothing more pathetic can well be imagined than certain of her recollections, and to say that she is vivid is to put it mildly. Her people seem to totter past us in very much the same fashion as in that terrible painting to be seen at Sofia, where the artist has depicted the procession of all those miserable Bulgars of long ago who struggled back to their homes over the leagues of snow-swept country after their eyes had been gouged out. Here we have the thin, yellow-faced hunchback who knows that he will soon be dead, the old couple who celebrated on this journey their golden wedding, the child who said that one weeps "when one is a little less unhappy," the other child who had lost her doll and also her father—and he went off to the war, she said, and he might just as well have stayed with them, as the war came to their village. An old gipsy passes by and she seems less to be pitied, for she had travelled all her life and preferred (to mere comfort) the boundless liberty of one who owns nothing; there is the deaf old woman who shouted at the top of her voice—unaware that she was in Switzerland—"Long live Germany!"—and for a long time all attempts to make her stop were useless. It is good to read of the overflowing kindness with which Switzerland treated her guests, and we presume that these French peasants passing through German-Switzerland did the German cause more harm than all the eloquent and lucid French propaganda. Some of us have seen the ruined villages of eastern France, with weeds growing high within the battered walls; those to whom these walls were everything, who very often had lived for eighty years in the same spot, were brutally and senselessly dragged away, and were separated in the turmoil from those they loved. With nothing to hope for, with black despair in their hearts they passed through Switzerland and "In Switzerland," they said, "we discovered France. We shall never forget all this." An old gaunt shepherd who had lost all his master's sheep and his own—the savings of a life-time—and had nothing but his dog, this old man had forgotten the name of his daughter's husband and of the place in Switzerland where she lived, but he will not forget the way in which the kindly Swiss treated him and his dog, and we will not forget this most moving book.

Henry Baerlein.

From **After Big Game: The Story of an African Holiday**
By R. S. Meikle and Mrs. M. E. Meikle
(*Werner Laurie*).

The Author and three friends.



From **With the R.A.M.C. in Egypt**
By Sergeant-Major, R.A.M.C.
(*Cassell*).

Official cacotet for sitting patients.

THE WAY OF THE WIND.

By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. 6s. (Constable.)

Miss Frothingham's story centres round a character of unique charm and pathos. Edgar Chilworth, wilful, reckless, unstable and misunderstood by his well-meaning but unsympathetic stepsister, is constantly disgracing himself and wandering from the narrow path of virtue she marks out for him. Nature has combined in him an immense capacity for getting into trouble and a highly-strung sensitiveness that makes him bitterly ashamed of his foolishness. His sister's friend, Janet Eversly, who is "not so young as a woman wishes to be," sees in his waywardness only the irresponsibility of youth and believes that all he needs is some one who understands him and will guide, not drive him, into better ways of life. She endeavours to save him by setting out to win his love, at the peril of falling in love with him herself. And fall in love with him she does, so completely as to forgive him more than most women could forgive. He loves her passionately, extravagantly, yet even such love cannot hold him—he must follow his wild course, while she waits patiently for him to return to her at last. The story is a tragedy of temperament—but the tragedy would have lost nothing in the telling, would, indeed, have gained much, had the writer leavened it with more humour. One is inclined to feel that she has fallen in love with her own hero to the extent of taking him too seriously. There should be humour as well as pathos in Edgar's folly, but the pathos seems to obsess the mind of the author to the exclusion of every other aspect. It is an original and an excellent story as well as a fine character study. The author has sympathy and insight, and a gift for narration that makes very pleasant reading.

XUM

From **My Adventures as a German Secret Service Agent**
By Captain Horst von der Golz
(*Cassell*).

GROUP OF SOLDIERS OF THE MEXICAN CONSTITUTIONAL ARMY.

SINGING SANDS.

By C. Fox Smith. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is a story brimming over with *joie de vivre*: fresh with the freshness of the young, free, uncultivated ways of British Columbia; a story that throbs with the breezy "out-west" life which people in the Old Country love to read about. Lyndon Travess interrupts her journey round the world—and incidentally an unwelcome love affair—to follow up the broken threads of her aunt's romance. Her aunt's one-time sweetheart has married and settled down at a remote spot known as Singing Sands, Santiola Island, which Lyndon judges by its picturesque name must be one of the most delightful corners of the universe. She is woefully disappointed and disgusted at the rough lives her relations lead, but compensated by the presence of a man named Jim Drake—a settler whom her uncle is scheming to marry to his daughter. Lyndon arrives on the island in time to play an important though at first involuntary part in a thrilling drama—a fact that enables her to save the man she loves from the grip of the law. It is a story that leaves one with a host of pleasant memories — vivid impressions of youth and love and laughter — and of tears as well. And if there is melodrama in the plot it is no less human than the comedy. A thoroughly readable book with a new and distinctive setting.

THE RIDDLE OF THE PURPLE EMPEROR.

By Thomas W. and Mary E. Hanshew. 6s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

The third and latest adventure of that reformed crook and celebrated detective, Hamilton Cleek, formerly known as the Man of Forty Faces. The story is one succession of thrills—you stumble out of mystery into mystery, and go astray on many false scents before you can unravel the truth about the Cheyne Court crime and lay hands on the criminal. A little crude at times, and luridly melodramatic, but the sort of story that cannot fail to make a long railway journey short or fill a dull evening with excitement.

JOTTINGS FROM THE FRONT.

By Kenneth H. Shaw. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

A very interesting and ably written account of life as it was experienced by an Army Chaplain on active service at the Dardanelles, and in Egypt, France and Belgium. Mr. Shaw's studies of the failings and virtues of the average British soldier are kindly but shrewd; one feels that he is setting down fearlessly the worst as well as the best of things as he saw them on our battle fronts. His impressions and experiences certainly add to our knowledge and understanding of the character of Tommy Atkins" and of what the war means to him.

From **Roumania, Yesterday and To-Day**
By Mrs. Will Gordon, F.R.G.S., with frontispiece by Louis Raemaekers and other illustrations
(*John Lane*).

SOLDIER WITH VIOLIN AT HEAD OF COMPANY ON THE MARCH.

From The Last of the Romanoffs (*Constable*). BARRICADES AND GUNS ON THE LITEYIN PROSPEKT.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANOFFS.

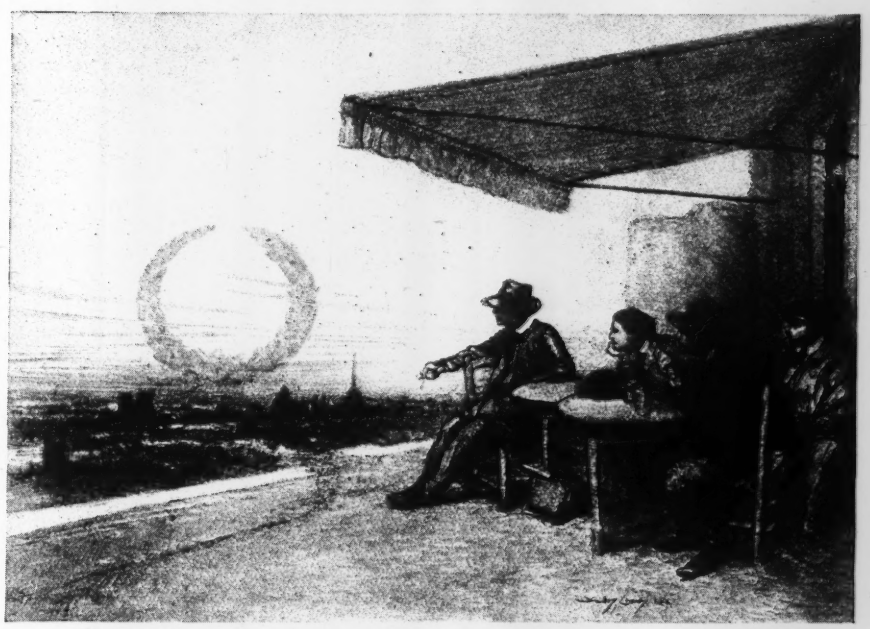
By CHARLES RIVET. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

M. Rivet is the Petrograd correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, and has lived in Russia for the last seventeen years. "He went as a professor," says Mr. Hardress O'Grady in an introduction, "and remained as a journalist," and in both capacities had special opportunities of mixing with all classes of Russian society. All which gives real value to this book in which he traces the immediate causes of the Revolution and describes its effects and explains the political cross-currents that have led to the present collapse of the national movement. His sympathies are with the Revolutionaries, and he still has unshakeable faith in them, and contends that without military victories and in spite of all recent disappointments they have struck the greatest blow that has yet been delivered against Prussianism. He gives the best account we have seen of that amazing scoundrel Rasputin, and his picture of the ex-Czar and his Court is as vivid as it is authoritative. Those who desire to understand what has happened and is happening in Russia should read this book.

THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE TO COME.

By CHARLES S. BROOKS. Illustrated by THEODORE DIEDRICKSEN, Junr. 8s. 6d. net. (Oxford Press)

There is a delightful old-world flavour about these essays, though most of them are of modern life and the streets, parks, gardens, and queer byways of present-day America. Such gossipy dissertations as "Mr. Pepys Sits in the Pit"; or "On Buying Old Books"; or on "The Asperities of the Early British Reviewers," are bound, of course, to be steeped in an atmosphere of the past; so, too, is the dissertation on Sir Kenelm Digby's book of recipes; but the same pleasant old-world touch is in the essays that are of things that belong to our time or to all times, and the explanation is that in his style Mr. Brooks has caught so much of the quaintness and humour that are the charm of Charles Lamb. Which is not to say that he is a mere imitator; he has a distinct personality of his own, and has the rare trick of interesting you in it; he has his own philosophy, his own outlook on life at large. But his egotism, his fantasy, his drollery, his charity and human kindness all remind you of Elia in the pleasantest way, so that one need say only that if you are a lover of Lamb, then you will heartily enjoy these essays.



From While Paris Laughed, the new novel by Leonard Merrick which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month. END PAPER.

XUM

THE MIND AND WORK OF BISHOP KING.

By B. W. Randolph and J. W. Townroe. With a Preface by the Bishop of London. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Mowbrays.)

Although the authors say in their first chapter that this is not a biography but aims at being a portrait "of one of the most remarkable spiritual leaders of the last half of the nineteenth century," they do not fail to relate the story of Dr. Edward King from his childhood, through his years at Cuddesdon and Oxford, and they give a full and intimate account of his home and public life after Mr. Gladstone made him a Bishop. There emerges from their sympathetic study the portrait of a beautiful, a very gracious and saintly personality. There are admirable chapters on Dr. King's friendship and influence, and on "The Bishop's Message." The many illustrations are excellently reproduced and add greatly to the interest of an able and deeply interesting book.

From **Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish**
By J. S. Fletcher. Illustrated by G. P. Rhodes
(*John Lane*).

The Crown Inn and Cross Roads, Dorrington.

From **Pencil-Speakings from Peking**
By A. E. Grantham
(*Allen & Unwin*).

Frontispiece.

ENGLISH HISTORY IN SHAKESPEARE.

By J. A. R. Marriott. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

A searching and admirably suggestive study of Shakespeare's great Chronicle dramas from the standpoint of the student of history and politics. Mr. Marriott was moved to the writing of this book by a conviction that these historical plays have a political message and significance for the English-speaking world such as cannot at this moment of our history be over-emphasised. His exhaustive analysis of the plays, taking them in chronological order, from King John to Henry VIII., fully justifies him in that conviction, and should help the reader to a clearer understanding both of certain great phases of England's past and of the plays themselves.

THE KITCHENER BIRTHDAY BOOK.

By J. Smedley Norton. Illustrations by Caton Woodville and Dudley Hardy. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

A well-compiled and artistically-produced birthday-book which is full of echoes of the great Field-Marshal. Each day of the year is furnished with a famous proverb or original epigram, and, in addition, with some anniversary record from Kitchener's career or with a quotation from one of his speeches. The drawings illustrating scenes from Kitchener's life, add much to the interest and attractiveness of the book.

From Scotland of the Scots
By G. R. Blake
(*Pitman*).

THE OLD HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.

AGATHA'S FORTUNE.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Agatha Strange believed in her father. And as her father believed in the existence of a silver lode up North in the land of the Shadow River, had indeed sacrificed his life in the quest for the supposed lode, Agatha determined to harden herself to the wilds of Canada and undertake the quest herself. Here, then, is the germ—and a very active germ it is—of Mr. Bindloss's new novel, which matures in due course into a full-blooded hunt for the silver mine by a number of interested and not always scrupulous parties. Apart from the wealth of incident in the story, a scenic trip through these pages—the shooting of the Grand Rapid in particular—makes tonic reading for the town-dweller.

THE WANDERER ON A THOUSAND HILLS.

By EDITH WHERRY. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

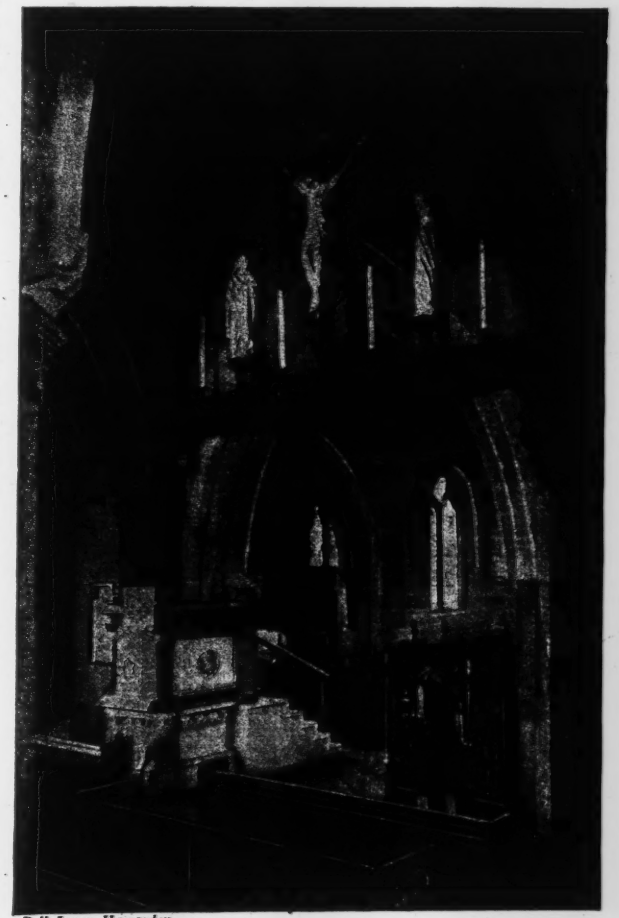
The scenes of Miss Wherry's new novel of Chinese life are laid in the villages and hillside temples round about Peking, and the first part, which elaborates in a most interesting manner the story of the betrothal and ill-starred marriage of Winter Almond to the son of a wealthy farmer, leads up in dramatic fashion to the great storm which robs the young wife of husband, home and child, and delivers into her care little Carl Osborne, the lost son of English missionaries. The crisis of the story is reached when Carl, now grown to manhood, is faced by his real parents and by the problem of choosing between them and his supposed mother, and between their respective religions. The author has chosen a difficult theme, and has handled it with studious delicacy and not a little imagination, and the result is an original and impressive novel impregnated through and through with the mysticism and superstition of the East.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESS.

By P. H. PEARSE. Edited by DESMOND RYAN, B.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

A confirmed bachelor woman once said to the present reviewer that it would be worth while having a son just to send him to St. Endas. "The Story of a Success" is a record of the birth and growth of St. Endas School, started by Padraic Pearse under the old Irish system of "fosterage." Within certain limits, free government was given to the children. They had the right to make and maintain laws—to elect leaders, and depose them. The ideal kept ever in mind was to make the boys realise themselves at their best and worthiest. With such a splendid personality at the helm, the task was comparatively easy. From an educational point of view "The Story of a Success" is fascinating enough, but it is as a human document, as a key to the personality of the founder, that it will have its chief attraction for most readers. The noble and selfless reformer shines clearly through every page, and as we read and realise more fully the power of character behind, we understand why the venture was the unqualified success it proved to be. Padraic Pearse was a master of English, but perhaps a quotation will best exemplify this:

". . . simply that we have always allowed them (the boys) to feel that no one can finely live who hoards life too jealously: that one must be generous in service, and withal joyous, accounting even supreme sacrifices light. Mr. J. M. Barrie makes his Peter Pan say (and it is finely said): 'To die will be a very big adventure,' but I think that in making my little boy in 'An Ri' offer himself with the words: 'Let me do this little thing,' I am nearer to the spirit of the heroes."



Bell Jones, Hawarden.
From W. G. C. Gladstone: A Memoir
By Viscount Gladstone
(*Nisbet*).

THE ROOD CROSS, HAWARDEN CHURCH, 1917.

THE LATE E. A. MACKINTOSH, M.C.
Author of "A Highland Regiment" (John Lane). His new book of poems, "War the Liberator, and other Pieces," will be published by Mr. Lane this spring.

THE CHELSEA CHERUB.

By CECIL ROBERTS. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

The idealist is as true to life as the so-called realist. They look from a different standpoint and with different eyes, and each sees many things that the other misses. Other novelists have been to Chelsea and seen its Bohemian artistic folk as a rather squalid, disreputable crowd. Mr. Roberts sees another side of that Chelsea picture, and the artist and poet who figure in his story are unconventional and impracticable, but like himself they are idealists and behave accordingly. The romance of the beautiful small boy—the "cherub" of the story—who serves the artist as a model and is adopted by the painter and the poet on the death of his mother, is a charming and interesting romance, woven into the love affair of one of the boy's two friends, and touched with just enough of mystery and tragedy and kindly humour to make it all very entertaining reading.

THE WORK OF ST. OPTATUS AGAINST THE DONATISTS.

Translated by the Rev. O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS, B.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

The schism of the Donatists was itself a dull feud, originating among Numidian zealots, who demanded that those who had delivered up sacred books and vessels to pagans, "under the stress of persecution," should be permanently excluded from the communion of the Church. They consecrated new bishops as rivals to those who had admitted such "betrayers" on their repentance; they practised a second baptism and committed other extravagances, which bordered on heresy rather than mere schism. The third bishop of the sect, Parmenian, wrote a treatise in its defence, and the work of St. Optatus is the answer of the orthodox party. From this point of view it is only of archæological interest, and some of its arguments strike an independent reader as singularly artificial. One would like to see the treatise of Parmenian, but presumably it is not extant. There is, however, another sense in which the text of St. Optatus is of singular interest and importance, remembering that he wrote between A.D. 372 and 375, as Mr. Vassall-Phillips shows on the authority of St. Jerome. I mean that the work is of vital consequence for the position of orthodox doctrine at the period. It is difficult to challenge the opinion that what has been done here under the auspices of the Latin Church, *permissu superiorum* of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and bearing the *imprimatur* of Westminster, is of great moment in respect of its own claims. St. Optatus has never been translated previously into English; the Rev. R. O. Vassall-Phillips is one of the Redemptorist Fathers, already of general repute by his argument on behalf of the Divinity of Christ, entitled, "The Mustard Tree"; the translation is excellent, while the work of editing and annotating has been done with anxious care. As regards the Church Catholic, it was for St. Optatus that which was everywhere in communion with the *Cathedra Petri*, represented by the Bishop of Rome; apart from this the validity of priestly Orders counted for nothing. In respect of doctrine, St. Optatus taught that in Baptism the grace of God is conferred—that is to say, life, immortality, and the attainment of the heavenly kingdom—the work being performed by man, but the gifts coming from God. He terms the Eucharist "the Holy Body" and the "Body of Christ"; the chalices carry the "Blood of Christ"; and both dwell upon the altar "during determinate times." On the other hand, his defence of persecution has the same false ring and speciousness that we meet with in many an *apologia* of later days. It is always the argument of exaggeration, when the fact and not its distortion is the point in question; it is always the *tu quoque*, always "public security," and the shifting of responsibility from the shoulders of the Church to that of State authority. If on one side, therefore, St. Optatus is a witness to Roman doctrine in the fourth century, prior to St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, on this other he is a witness also to the unchanging policy of Rome in respect of schism and heresy.

A. E. W.

DR. KING.
From an engraving, by T. L. Atkinson, of a Portrait by George Richmond, R.A., 1873.
From The Mind and Work of Bishop King (*Mowbrays*).

From The A B C of War Medals and Decorations (*Stanley Paul*).

PISTRUCCI WATERLOO MEDAL.

From The A B C of War Medals and Decorations (*Stanley Paul*).

PISTRUCCI WATERLOO MEDAL.

ASHANTEE WAR MEDAL 1873-4.
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(*Stanley Paul*).

ABYSSINIAN WAR MEDAL 1867-8
From The A B C of War Medals and Decorations
By W. Augustus Steward
(*Stanley Paul*).

CANADA MEDAL, 1866 AND 1870.
From The A B C of War Medals and Decorations
By W. Augustus Steward
(*Stanley Paul*).

THE A B C OF WAR MEDALS AND DECORATIONS.

By W. AUGUSTUS STEWARD. (Stanley Paul.)

The first edition of this topical and more than topical book was published under the title of "War Medals and Their History," and met with the unanimous approval of all interested in military and naval honours. In the second edition the author has made a few corrections and additions and, in his preface, has dealt ably with certain questions raised by correspondents. The book supplies a real need, and is invaluable as a history of the manner in which war medals and decorations have been gained, and as a complete record of their award, their characteristics, and how they are named and counterfeited. There are two hundred and sixty-two illustrations in half-tone and line.

From Pioneers of the Russian Revolution, By Dr. A. S. Rappoport. (*Stanley Paul*).

TZAR NICHOLAS I.

PIONEERS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

By DR. A. S. RAPPOPORT. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Though the Russian revolution burst upon the world suddenly and unexpectedly at last, it had been for long years in preparation; its martyrs had died in the grim fortress of Peter and Paul and in the mines of Siberia; others had only escaped death by timely flight and were living in exile. Dr. Rappoport tells the stories of those men and women who fought for the liberty of their country, and traces the chequered history of the revolutionary movement through the last half century. His book is as timely as it is well informed.

From The Island of Adventure **WRAPPER DESIGN.**
By Thedore Goodridge Roberts, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

From Sadie's Conquest **FRONTISPIECE.**
By Harold Bindloss
(*Ward, Lock*).

TREASURE TROVE.

Passages of Prose and Poetry chosen by G. M. GIBSON. 2s. and 3s. 6d. net. (Daniel.)

This little book contains extracts from English literature which should appeal to all thinking people in these critical times; the passages chosen, from the works of old and modern writers, deal with vital problems of the day—problems of education, of industrial reform, of government. It is a book for rebels, and anti-rebels—each will find something to his taste. Divided into four parts—the first of these deals with Childhood, Youth, Education, and Love. The second part deals with Work and Wealth. The third, the State, and Liberty. And the fourth, Man's Inheritance: Wisdom, Art, Joy, Sorrow, Hope. The authors from whose work Miss G. M. Gibson quotes range from Browning and Belloc to Wordsworth and Wells. The book contains

From A Sporting Offer **"SHE SEATED HERSELF . . . SO THAT SHE COULD OBTAIN A FULL VIEW OF HER COMPANION."**
By Florence Warden
(*Ward, Lock*).

an admirable selection of poetry and prose, expressing "things that we all feel at some time in our lives and thoughts that most of us have tried in vain to seize."

LAUGHING BILL HYDE, AND OTHER STORIES.

By REX BEACH. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

All the qualities that have made Mr. Rex Beach's novels so enormously popular have gone to the making of these vivid and virile stories of life as it is lived in the outlands of civilisation. The love romance of laughing Bill Hyde and Ponatah; the moving tale of how Folsom won through to reunion with his wife, in "The North Wind's Malice"; of how Robert Austin "lost a little but gained much," in "Out of the Night"; of the big success of Louis Mitchell, and all it meant to him, in "With Bridges Burned"—these and the rest of the stories in the volume are stories of very human people vigorously written, and full of the colour and thrilling, picturesque adventure in that far West with which Mr. Rex Beach has done so much to familiarise us.

HAY HARVEST AND OTHER POEMS.

By Lucy Buxton. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

This volume has all the high technical craftsmanship that one has learnt to expect in modern verse, which makes all the more noticeable two queerly faulty lines in the poem "Pro Tempori." There is not much that is distinctive about the verses, but the following lines from "The Lady of the Roses" show somewhat of its quality:

"So from my life she pruned away
The clustering buds of hopes and fears,
And scattered on the lifeless day,
With radiant smile and garments gay,
Ambitions loved for years."

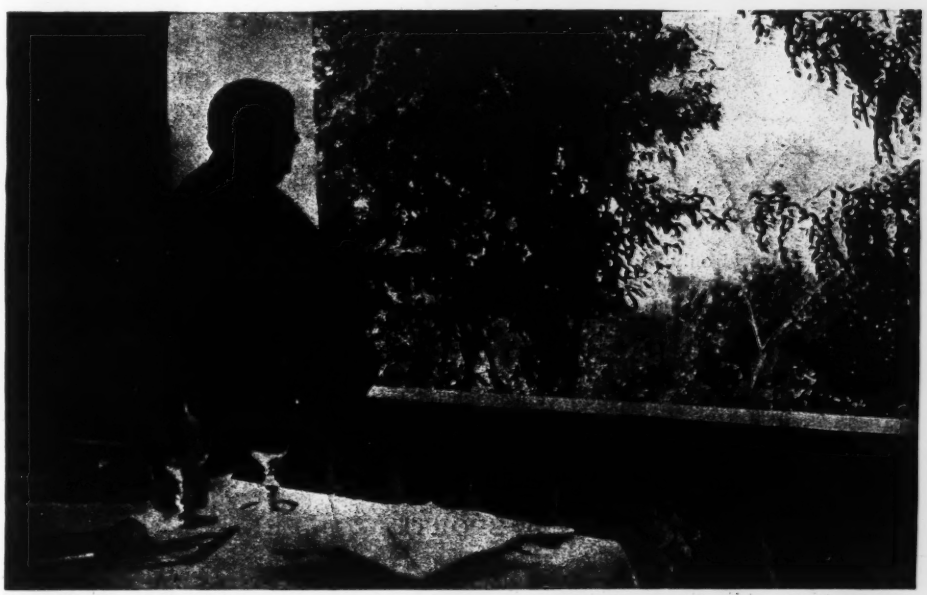
From Memories of Midland Politics
By Francis Allston Channing
(*Constable*).

ELECTION SCENE. FINEDON, 1900.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, K.C.B. (1786-1860).

By H. Noel Williams. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Gratitude is due from the reading public to Mr. Hugh Noel Williams for having written a very sane and a very readable account of the career of Sir Charles Napier, the gallant admiral who commanded the Baltic Fleet in the Crimean War. He proves conclusively that in accepting the command Sir Charles never boasted of what he was going to do, that he was hampered in such success as he attained by the under-manning of his fleet, that he was amply justified in refusing to attempt to take by storm so powerful a fortress as Cronstadt, and that he was treated shamefully throughout all his operations in the Baltic, not only by Mr. Delane, the Editor of *The Times*, who wrote him an amazingly insolent letter, but particularly by Sir James Graham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, who, judged by the character of Sir Charles which he gave in his letter to Queen Victoria of February 9th, 1854, ought never to have recommended his appointment to the Baltic command. Despite, however, this complete vindication of the combined energy and caution which the Admiral manifested on the occasion on which his country gave him its greatest confidence, a confidence which Napier had amply earned by that defeat of the Miguelite fleet off Cape St. Vincent, which restored Donna Maria to the throne of Portugal, and by those combined naval and land operations at Sidon and Acre, which broke the power of Mehemet Ali in the Near East, it cannot honestly be said that Mr. Williams has contrived to render "Black Charlie," as Napier was called in the Navy, thanks to his dark complexion, anything like a sympathetic character. Charles Napier, cousin to Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, and to William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, was in fact a characteristic type of that unfortunate race of men, officers with grievances. He was for ever quarrelling with the Admiralty, and never wearied of writing letters to the Prime Minister, and to the First Lord. His vanity and his conceit were indeed quite naïve and childish. And yet, candidate as he was for the highest honours of his profession, as popular a naval hero in his time as Charles Beresford in ours, he had no sense of decorum in dress and personal appearance, he was notorious for drinking more whisky than was good for him, and he was twice grossly disobedient to Sir Robert Stopford when he was serving under that admiral against Mehemet Ali. In truth, it might fairly be said of him that, whether as subordinate or as chief-in-command, he was eminently an "uncomfortable" man.



From The Greater Patriotism.
Addresses of John Lewis Griffiths, American Consul-General at London. With Memoir by Caroline Henderson Griffiths, and Introduction by Hilaire Belloc
(*John Lane*).

JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS WATCHING THE BLACK SEA FLEET. RUSSIA, CRIMEA, AUGUST, 1903.

THE VENGEANCE OF FIONN.

By AUSTIN CLARKE. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

The love of Diarmuid and Grainne is one of the world's ageless romances, and the wonder is that after so many times retelling, Mr. Clarke should be able to treat it from a new point of view. When Diarmuid and Grainne are introduced in "The Vengeance of Fionn" they are fast approaching the autumn of their lives, and Fionn, now a very old man, has come at their bidding to feast with them at their rath in Sligo. Through the spells of the druid-dark Fionn, Diarmuid is killed by the magic boar, and it is while Grainne is mourning for her lost lover that she lives visionally through their early love and wanderings. This part of the epic is cleverly treated in a shadowy way, so that the past is seen through the veil of her idealised memories:

"So with the mornings they fled
Until the candle of the sun burned red
Behind black cliffs. Sometimes in seaweed caves
They lay and heard the hissing crash of waves
Or murmurous in the mountain glens all day
The booming of the ocean far away,
Shell-slumbering, unquiet as their fears."

Mr. Clarke has quite an unusual aptitude for vivid description, and it is this power that makes his "Vengeance of Fionn" so interesting.

THE MAKING OF GODS.

By HENRY P. DENISON, B.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott.)

A book that should arouse interest and not a little controversy is Prebendary Denison's work "The Making of Gods." A statement made in the opening chapter of the book gives food for much reflection. The author says that an attempt to give justice to man has always in history coincided with denial of justice to God; this coincidence is accounted for (*a*) by absorption of men's minds on things of this world only; (*b*) by denial of original sin; (*c*) by false ideas about God, *i.e.*, idolatry. The readers of this book will be obliged to range themselves in two distinct classes—the author leaves them no third choice. Either you are one of "the elect" and will see eye to eye with the writer—in which case you will think the scope of the book wide and the point of view of the author wide also; or, you are an "outsider" and will disagree with the writer, in which case you will think the scope of the book narrow and the author's view-point narrow. In either case you will find much to interest you in the book, even if much to annoy you.

THE KINGDOM MAKER.

A Play in Five Acts. By SEOSAMH O'NEILL. 2s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

There is much to praise in "The Kingdom Maker," but one feels that so war-like a theme requires more robust treatment. One is being continually reminded of the "opal twilight" style associated with Yeats. Yet it is a Yeats shorn of his essential mysteries. In the lyrics written by Mary Devenport O'Neill this is specially marked. Listen to this:

"You dead women in your graves,
You made beauty long ago;
But unceasing waters flow,
And great unattending waves
Carry all things that we know,
And they wither and grow old,
Are you nothing now but mould
Cold and brown?"

And so on. And the body of the play itself is hardly less free.

"Oh! do not speak
Lightly of Deirdre's love! Unnumbered hosts
Paid down each grain of doom for that one love."

Mr. O'Neill is much more successful when he is writing about things which really matter, and he says some things very finely indeed.

"We do not die!
No race has died until the last of such
As carries in his heart the vital fire
That shatters kings and armies and sets blaze
To hearts long sodden with the bitter dregs
Of servitude — no race has died till such
A man has died in vain to save its soul,
And, dying, failed, and died and lit no fire!"

ELFIN MUSIC.
One of Bessie Fyfe's illustrations from "Open Eyes," by Dorothy Grenside (Elkin Mathews), a volume of poems reviewed in a recent Number of the BOOKMAN.

ANNE'S HOUSE OF DREAMS.

By L. M. MONTGOMERY. 5s. net. (Constable.)

Here is Anne of Green Gables again — the same sweet, sunshiny Anne, with her glorious red hair and happy, lovable ways. She is a little older Anne, of course, since we first met her; and in this, our latest glimpse of her, we find she is about to be married and live happy ever after in her little house of dreams. We see the little house of dreams and Anne and her husband at home in it, and follow the joys and sorrows of the first few years of their married life with great interest. Many new friends gather round Anne in her little house, and whether they are amusing like Miss Cornelia or tragic like beautiful Leslie Moore, or whimsical like honest old Captain Jim, they are all delightful to meet because they are characteristically "Miss Montgomery people." And all lovers of Miss Montgomery's works know what that means, and will want to get hold of the book without further delay.

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MISS L. M. MONTGOMERY,
whose new novel, "The House of Dreams," was published last month by Messrs. Constable.

may be given." "Eternity is not a very, very long time; but the absence of time." "The essence of the saintly life is that it is independent of outward circumstances." A book to turn to for light and inspiration, and to meditate and ponder over in moments of leisure.

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By RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE. Illustrated. 6s. 8d. net. (Cassell.)

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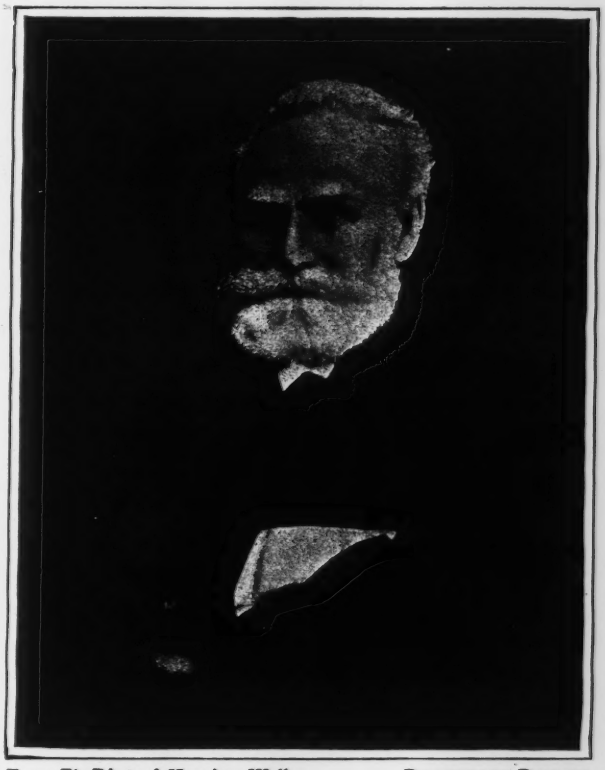

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